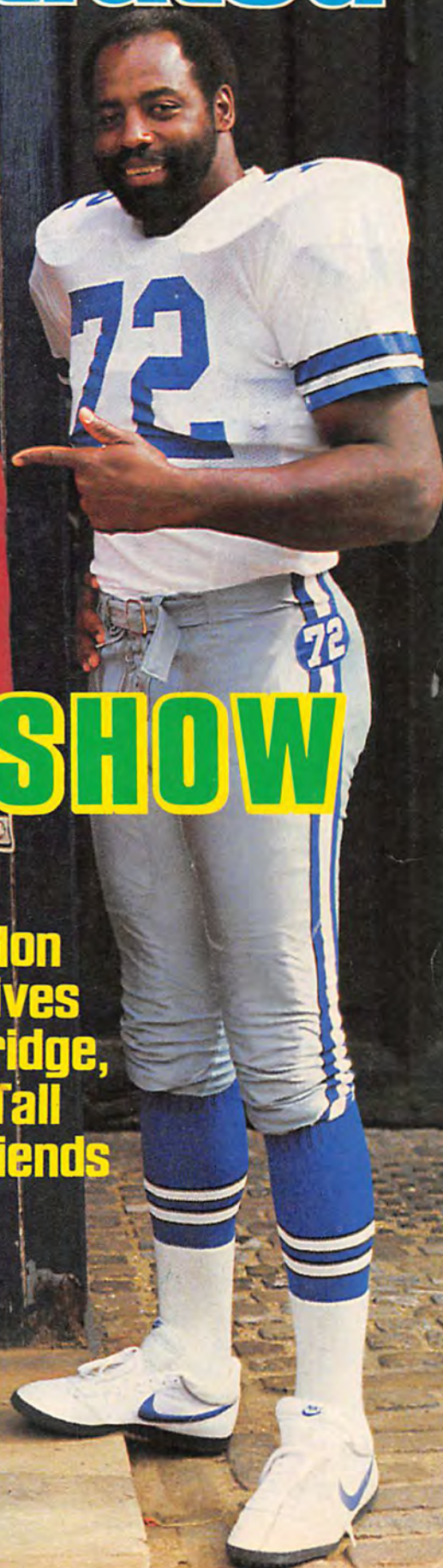
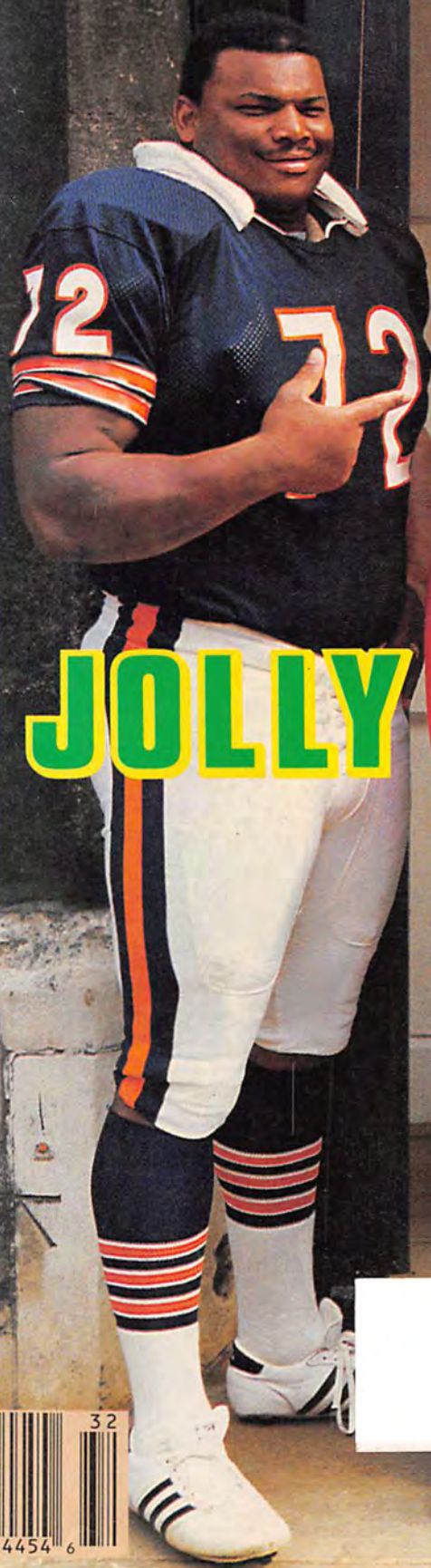


AMERICA AT PLAY: SPORTS IN APPLETON, WISCONSIN

Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 11, 1986 \$2.25



JOLLY GOOD SHOW

London
Survives
The Fridge,
Too Tall
And Friends



TWIST THE CAP, BEER ON TAP.

Fresh, smooth, honest-to-goodness draft beer. That's what's waiting for you under every cap of new Miller Genuine Draft. It's not heat-pasteurized, like most bottled beers. It's cold-filtered to give you the smoothness and freshness of draft beer straight from the tap.

MILLER GENUINE DRAFT. IT'S BEER AT ITS BEST.



Colt. Great Japanese imports. Even greater value.

Now Colts, the Japanese imports famous for value, are an even better value. Chrysler announces 5.5 annual percentage rate financing* on all new 1986 Colt 3-doors and

5.5%
ANNUAL
PERCENTAGE
RATE*

4-doors, including turbo models and our top-of-the-line Colt Premier.

Which means incredible savings.

Up to \$1,000[†] over the loan period.

And for even lower monthly payments, there's 48-month, 7.5 annual percentage rate financing available from Chrysler Credit Corporation. With 15% down, at that rate, you can own a sporty, economical Colt E 3-door for just \$121.38 per month[‡].

Or, the lowest priced Japanese sedan, our 5-passenger Colt E four-door as low as \$142.75 per month[‡].

Each one is imported for Chrysler-Plymouth and

Dodge Dealers, designed and built by Mitsubishi Motors Corporation in Japan.

See your Dodge or Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer today for details.

But hurry, you must take delivery by September 6th.

And at 5.5% they're not just financed at an incredible rate. They're moving at an incredible rate.

\$142.75 per mo.[‡]
COLT E 4-DOOR



\$121.38 per mo.[‡]
COLT E 3-DOOR

*5.5 APR financing is available to qualified retail buyers through Chrysler Credit Corporation on dealer stock. Dealer contribution may affect final price. Offer includes other financing terms.

[†]Based on a \$10,078 sticker price of Colt Premier with Turbo, auto. trans. and air conditioning, with 15% down payment on a 36-month loan, at \$258.67 per month with 5.5 APR, versus same loan terms at 12.5 APR.

[‡]Payments based on monthly amortized financing of base sticker prices of \$5,906 on Colt E 3-door and \$6,946 on the Colt E 4-door.

Colt. It's all the Japanese you need to know.



Buckle up for safety.

CONTENTS

AUGUST 11, 1986 Volume 65, No. 6

Cover photograph by Ken Regan/Camera 5

14 One Last, Mad Dash

The Angels' division-leading senior citizens head into the stretch knowing that they have to win this season or else

by Bob Kravitz

18 The Award Was Only Token

The upstart USFL may have proved part of its case against the NFL, but the jury threw the winners for a big loss

by Craig Neff

20 Way Out Where No One Can Join Her

Jackie Joyner set her second world heptathlon record in four weeks during the U.S. Olympic Festival in Houston

by Hank Hersch

22 Go Downpitch Smartly, Mate

From punkers to peers, all Albion was agog as the Bears took on the Cowboys in jam-packed Wembley Stadium

by Rick Telander

32 Hooray, Appleton, U.S.A.!

A 33-page report on sports in Appleton, Wis., provides a window on the world of sports in towns all over America

by Jack McCallum

The minor league Foxes supply some major excitement

by Steve Wulf 38

A photo essay captures the games they play in Appleton

Photographs by Bill Ballenberg 46

Returning home, an SI writer found that she had changed

by Jill Lieber 56

Golfers at the Fox Cities are truly amateurs in every way

by Douglas S. Looney 60

Ex-NFLer Rocky Bleier is a local boy who made good

by Rick Telander 62

DEPARTMENTS

9 Scorecard

77 For The Record

72 Inside Baseball

78 19th Hole

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0038-822X) is published weekly, except semiweekly during a week in September and a week in November, with two issues combined at year-end, by Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York 10020-1393. J.R. Munro, President; U.L. Uebelhoefer, Treasurer; William M. Guttman, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at New York, NY, and additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by Canada Post Corp., Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash at Toronto. U.S. subscription: \$58.86 for 54 issues. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME/LIFE Building, 541 N. Fairbanks Ct., Chicago, IL 60611-3333.

©1986 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT PERMISSION IS PROHIBITED. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED IS A REGISTERED MARK OF TIME INCORPORATED.

CARL MYDANS

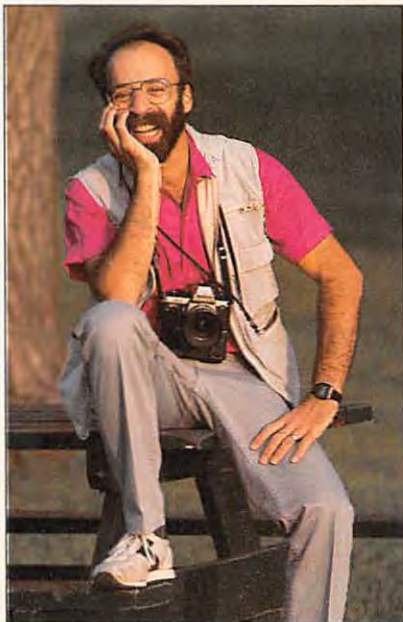




Got the horse right here: Beulah Harder, 78, of Albany, N.Y., appeared to be in good form as she handicapped the races last week on opening day of the 121st annual meeting at Saratoga.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

CATHERINE KARNOW



BALLENBERG MET AN APPLETON SKEPTIC

When photographer Bill Ballenberg was assigned to shoot the picture act (page 46) that accompanies the series of articles in this issue on Appleton, Wis., his instructions were short and sweet. "We're doing an essay on sports in a town in Middle America," he was told. "See you later."

Ballenberg, 35, was thrilled. "That's such a wonderful thing for a photographer—an assignment that's so totally open-ended," he says. "The only prob-

lem I had was wasting a lot of time photographing silos. That's not hard to do when you're an Easterner [he lives in Virginia Beach, Va.] like me."

The idea of focusing on the sporting life of a small city in Middle America was managing editor Mark Mulvoy's. "It dawned on me that people in such places do a lot of different things in the summertime that we never get a chance to write about," says Mulvoy. "It would be sport in its purest form."

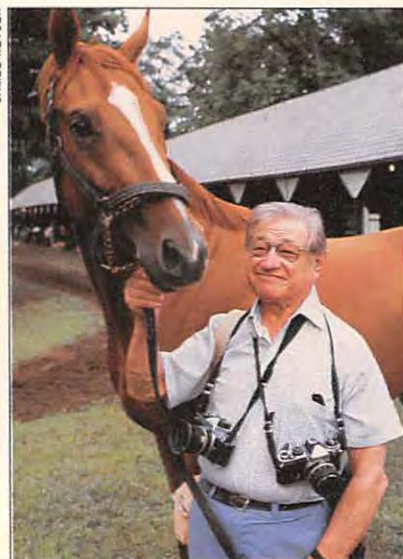
Senior editor Julia Lamb was assigned to find a suitable city. Mulvoy mandated a number of requirements—a minor league team, a classic hometown hero, a sports-minded citizenry. Appleton was perfect. It had the Foxes (page 38), Rocky Bleier (page 62) and thousands of active amateur athletes, young and old. It also had SI staff writer Dick Lieber as a native daughter. Well, Lieber actually hails from Neenah, a town near Appleton. "Don't call Neenah a suburb of Appleton," warns Lieber, whose recollection of growing up in what is known as the Fox Cities can be found on page 56.

Ballenberg, like everyone else involved in the project, remarks on the friendliness and openness of Appletonians. But Middle America also has a healthy measure of skepticism, as he discovered one day when he was shooting at a lake in Appleton.

"This one little boy just wouldn't believe we were from SPORTS ILLUSTRATED," says Ballenberg. "Finally he said, 'Show me your membership card.'" Ballenberg didn't have one, but we trust his photos will suffice.

Making his debut in our pages at the age of 79—and shooting a different slice of Americana, the opening of the meeting at Saratoga (page 2)—is Carl Mydans. One of LIFE's earliest staff photographers and for five decades a celebrated photojournalist, Mydans says: "One of my first assignments for LIFE involved horses. Now my very first assignment for SI does, too."

JAMES KEYSER



MYDANS KNOWS HIS WAY AROUND A HORSE

Donald J. Barr

Sports Illustrated

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

Editor-in-Chief: Henry Anatole Grunwald

President: J. Richard Munro

Chairman of the Board: Ralph P. Davidson

Corporate Editor: Ray Cave

Magazine Group

President: Kelso F. Sutton

Chairman: John A. Meyers

Group Publishers: S. Christopher Meigher III, Robert L. Miller

Managing Editor: Mark Mulvoy

Executive Editor: Kenneth Rudeen

Assistant Managing Editors: Walter Bingham, Larry F. Keith, Jerry Kirshenbaum, Sheldon Czapnik (ADMINISTRATION)

Art Director: Richard W. Warner

Picture Editor: Barbara Henckel

Senior Editors: Bob Brown, Jule Campbell, Bill Colson, Rob Fleder, Gay Flood, Myra Gelband, William Oscar Johnson (ARTICLES), Barbara La Fontaine, Julia Lamb, Joe Marshall, Sandy Padwe, John Papanek, Margaret Sieck, Linda Verigan, Steve Wulf

Chief of Reporters: Jane Bachman Wulf

Production Manager: George Infante

Copy Chief: Edward B. Clarke

Senior Writers: Sarah Ballard, Frank Deford, Ron Fimrite, Clive Gammon, Curry Kirkpatrick, Douglas S. Looney, Barry McDermott, Kenny Moore, Sam Moses, William Nack, Craig Nelf, Bruce Newman, Pat Putnam, E.M. Swift, Rick Telander, Paul Zimmerman

Associate Editors: Victoria Boughton, Susan Kamb, Constance Tubbs, Anita Verschoth

Staff Writers: Jaime Diaz, Peter Gammons, Henry Hecht, Bob Kravitz, Dan Levin, Franz Lidz, Jill Lieber, Jack McCallum, Rick Reilly, Demmie Stathopoulos, Robert Sullivan, William Taaffe, Herm Weiskopf, Ralph Wiley, Alexander Wolff

Photography: Louis Capozzola, Teresa Crawford, Ramiro A. Fernandez, Laurel Frankel, Eric Godwin, Jonathan Hayt, Philip Jache, Susan L. Maynard, Eileen C. Miller, Theodore Stephney, Robert W. Taylor, Donna Tsutsumi, Jeffrey Weig

Photographers: STAFF: Andy Hayt, John Iacono, Heinz Klutmeier, Manny Millan, Lane Stewart; CONTRIBUTING: Jerry Cooke, Jacqueline Duvoisin, Bill Eppridge, Walter Iosco Jr., Carl Iwasaki, Brian Lanker, Richard Mackson, Joe McNally, Peter Read Miller, Ronald C. Modra, Herb Scharfman, George Tiedemann, Tony Tomisc, Tony Trollo, Jerry Wachter

Writer-Reporters: Bruce Anderson, Hank Hersch, Roger Jackson, Arman Keteyian, Ivan Maisel

Senior Reporters: J.E. Vader (DEPUTY), Linda-Ann Marsch, Paula Phelps, Angel Reyes

Reporters: Morin Bishop, Duncan Brantley, Joy Duckett, Cain, T. Nicholas Dawidoff, Richard Demak, Bailey Breen, Gendron, Jennifer Gomez, Sally Guard, Gregory Kelly, Amy Lennard, J. Austin Murphy, James E. Reynolds

Art Department: Lawrence R. Gendron, Edward P. Truscio (ASSISTANT DIRECTORS), Robert J. Eckstein (COLOR QUALITY), Pamela Fortson, Rose M. Hankish, Bill Hill, Joseph T. Kalman, T. Thurston Martin, Abigail Winship

Copy Desk: Jill Jaroff, Richard McAdams (DEPUTIES), Schuyler Bishop, Michael V. Clayton, Robert G. Dunn, Benita Korn, Gabriel Miller, Barbara W. Murray, Timothy E. Pitt, Sylvia Staub, Pearl Amy Sverdin, Celestine Ware

Production: Jo Cavallo (DEPUTY), Kenneth Tomten, Victor Gonzalez, Pieter C. Muuse

Special Contributors: Joan Ackermann-Blount, Michael Baughman, Robert H. Boyle, Robert W. Creamer, Martin F. Dardis, John Garrity, Bill Gilbert, Robert F. Jones, George Plimpton, Bruce Selcraig, Gary Smith, Jeremiah Tax, Jack Tobin

Newsbureau: Walter Bingham (CHIEF), Meda Jane Alberse (DEPUTY), Robin Douglas, Marsha Haber, Erin McKenna, Lavinia Scott-Elliott, London

Time-Life News Service: Henry Muller (CHIEF)

Letters: Ann Scott

Editorial Services: Christiana Walford (DIRECTOR), Peter J. Christopoulos, Benjamin Lightman, David E. Trevorrow, Beth Bencini Zarcone

Copy Processing: George J. Austen (MANAGER), David H. Logan, Joanne M. Cowen, Lynn Crimando, John R. Finlay, Gene Prisco

Publisher: Donald J. Barr

Advertising Sales Director: Thomas J. Hickey Jr.

Advertising Sales Manager: David L. Long

Associate Sales Director: William P. Kupper Jr.

General Manager: Ann S. Moore

Promotional Planning Director: George P. Berger

Circulation Director: G. Lindsay Valk

Business Manager: Rachel A. Greenfield

Corporate Production Director: Ruth A. Pouliot

Editorial Projects Director: Theodore N. Beitchman

Sports Illustrated POSTERS

FOOTBALL

- ☐ 4202 NFL Superstars
- ☐ 9998 William Perry
- ☐ 4287 Mike Singletary
- ☐ 4220 Jim McMahon
- ☐ 4285 Walter Payton
- ☐ 4291 Ken Anderson
- ☐ 4235 Cris Collinsworth
- ☐ 4205 Steve Watson
- ☐ 4219 John Elway
- ☐ 4212 Bernie Kosar
- ☐ 4265 Lee Roy Selmon
- ☐ 4245 O.J. Anderson
- ☐ 4211 Neil Lomax
- ☐ 4269 Dan Fouts
- ☐ 4241 Wes Chandler
- ☐ 4233 Kellen Winslow
- ☐ 4281 Tony Dorsett
- ☐ 4200 Danny White
- ☐ 4284 Gary Hogeboom
- ☐ 4218 Bob Breunig
- ☐ 4216 Michael Downs
- ☐ 4215 Drew Pearson
- ☐ 4283 Roger Staubach
- ☐ 4263 Randy White
- ☐ 4209 A.J. Duhe
- ☐ 4239 Mark Duper
- ☐ 4226 Dan Marino
- ☐ 4270 Ron Jaworski
- ☐ 4234 Joe Montana
- ☐ 4225 Dwight Clark
- ☐ 4244 Phil Simms
- ☐ 4230 Rob Carpenter
- ☐ 4224 Lawrence Taylor
- ☐ 4206 Freeman McNeil
- ☐ 4229 Mark Gastineau
- ☐ 4292 Ken O'Brien
- ☐ 4289 Billy Sims
- ☐ 4223 Eric Hipple
- ☐ 4290 James Lofton
- ☐ 4296 Steve Grogan
- ☐ 4240 Tony Eason
- ☐ 4279 Ray Guy
- ☐ 4222 Marcus Allen
- ☐ 4201 Eric Dickerson
- ☐ 4258 Joe Theismann
- ☐ 4272 Curt Warner
- ☐ 4294 Steve Largent
- ☐ 4242 David Krieg
- ☐ 4210 Walter Abercrombie
- ☐ 4298 Louis Lipps*
- ☐ 4299 Terry Bradshaw
- ☐ 4264 Jack Lambert
- ☐ 4243 Mark Malone
- ☐ 4231 Tommy Kramer

BASEBALL

- ☐ 4501 Rod Carew
- ☐ 4507 Reggie Jackson
- ☐ 4543 Bob Horner
- ☐ 4517 Bruce Sutter
- ☐ 4544 Dale Murphy
- ☐ 4546 Paul Molitor
- ☐ 4554 Robin Yount
- ☐ 4581 Cecil Cooper

- ☐ 4531 Jack Clark
- ☐ 4574 Ryne Sandberg
- ☐ 4556 Steve Sax
- ☐ 4559 Mike Marshall
- ☐ 4537 Keith Hernandez
- ☐ 4575 Dwight Gooden
- ☐ 4564 Darryl Strawberry
- ☐ 4553 Gary Carter
- ☐ 4561 Mookie Wilson
- ☐ 4518 Eddie Murray
- ☐ 4567 Cal Ripken, Jr.
- ☐ 4505 Jim Palmer
- ☐ 4509 Steve Garvey
- ☐ 4576 Tony Gwynn
- ☐ 4506 Steve Carlton
- ☐ 4524 Garry Maddox
- ☐ 4510 Mike Schmidt
- ☐ 4523 Johnny Bench
- ☐ 4522 Pete Rose
- ☐ 4526 Jim Rice
- ☐ 4528 Wade Boggs
- ☐ 4521 George Brett
- ☐ 4557 Willie Wilson
- ☐ 4577 Jack Morris
- ☐ 4578 Alan Trammell
- ☐ 4552 Kirk Gibson
- ☐ 4563 Ron Kittle
- ☐ 4538 Ron Guidry
- ☐ 4502 Willie Randolph
- ☐ 4568 Dave Winfield
- ☐ 4569 Dave Righetti
- ☐ 4579 Don Mattingly
- ☐ 4558 Rickey Henderson

BASKETBALL

- ☐ 4422 Superstar Montage
- ☐ 4451 Sidney Moncrief
- ☐ 4453 Michael Jordan
- ☐ 4455 Orlando Woolridge
- ☐ 4444 Frank Johnson
- ☐ 4402 Bill Walton
- ☐ 4433 Larry Bird
- ☐ 4449 Danny Ainge
- ☐ 4447 Dominique Wilkins
- ☐ 4456 Spud Webb
- ☐ 4437 Darrell Griffith
- ☐ 4403 Patrick Ewing
- ☐ 4434 Magic Johnson
- ☐ 4445 Kareem Abdul-Jabbar
- ☐ 4446 James Worthy
- ☐ 4440 Mark Aguirre
- ☐ 4442 Buck Williams
- ☐ 4450 Otis Birdsong
- ☐ 4436 Darryl Dawkins
- ☐ 4404 Wayman Tisdale
- ☐ 4439 Isiah Thomas
- ☐ 4454 Kelly Tripucka
- ☐ 4452 Akeem Olajuwon
- ☐ 4448 Ralph Sampson
- ☐ 4401 Julius Erving
- ☐ 4409 Moses Malone
- ☐ 4431 Jack Sikma
- ☐ 4408 Artis Gilmore
- ☐ 4410 Alvan Adams
- ☐ 4427 Mychal Thompson
- ☐ 4405 Chris Mullin*

TENNIS

- ☐ 4114 John McEnroe
- ☐ 4101 Bjorn Borg
- ☐ 4100 Jimmy Connors
- ☐ 4115 Martina Navratilova

SNOW SKIING & MOUNTAIN CLIMBING

- ☐ 4301 Ski Touring
- ☐ 4302 Powder Skiing
- ☐ 4303 Free Style Skiing
- ☐ 4304 Sunset Skiing
- ☐ 4907 Americans Climb "K-2"

ICE SKATING & RUNNING

- ☐ 9908 Peggy Fleming
- ☐ 9909 Tai & Randy
- ☐ 9910 Scott Hamilton
- ☐ 9911 Elaine Zayak
- ☐ 9912 Kitty & Peter Carruthers
- ☐ 4904 On the Avenue

SURFING & HANG GLIDING

- ☐ 4901 In the Tube
- ☐ 4902 California Dreaming

WATER SKIING & SAILING

- ☐ 4903 Wayne Grinditch
- ☐ 4801 Blue Water

SNOWMOBILE & MOTORCYCLE

- ☐ 4906 Snow Going
- ☐ 6100 Jay Springsteen

GOLF

- ☐ 4601 Hale Irwin
- ☐ 4602 Laura Baugh
- ☐ 4603 Jan Stephenson
- ☐ 4604 Nancy Lopez

RACQUETBALL

- ☐ 4701 Charlie Brumfield
- ☐ 4702 Marty Hogan

HOCKEY

- ☐ 7203 Phil Esposito
- ☐ 7204 Dave Maloney

BOXING

- ☐ 6601 Sugar Ray Leonard

RODEO

- ☐ 6201 Don Gay
- ☐ 6203 Paul Tierney
- ☐ 6204 Monty Benson

U.S. SKI TEAM

- ☐ 5201 Cindy Nelson
- ☐ 5204 Christin Cooper
- ☐ 5205 Bill Koch
- ☐ 5208 Phil Mahre
- ☐ 5209 Steve Mahre

SOCCER

- ☐ 5100 Giorgio Chinaglia
- ☐ 5102 Kyle Rote, Jr.
- ☐ 5103 Rick Davis

★ Available 1986

SI 8/11 If ordering with VISA or MasterCard

CALL TOLL FREE **1-800-325-3313**

Business Hours: 8:30-5:00 Central Time

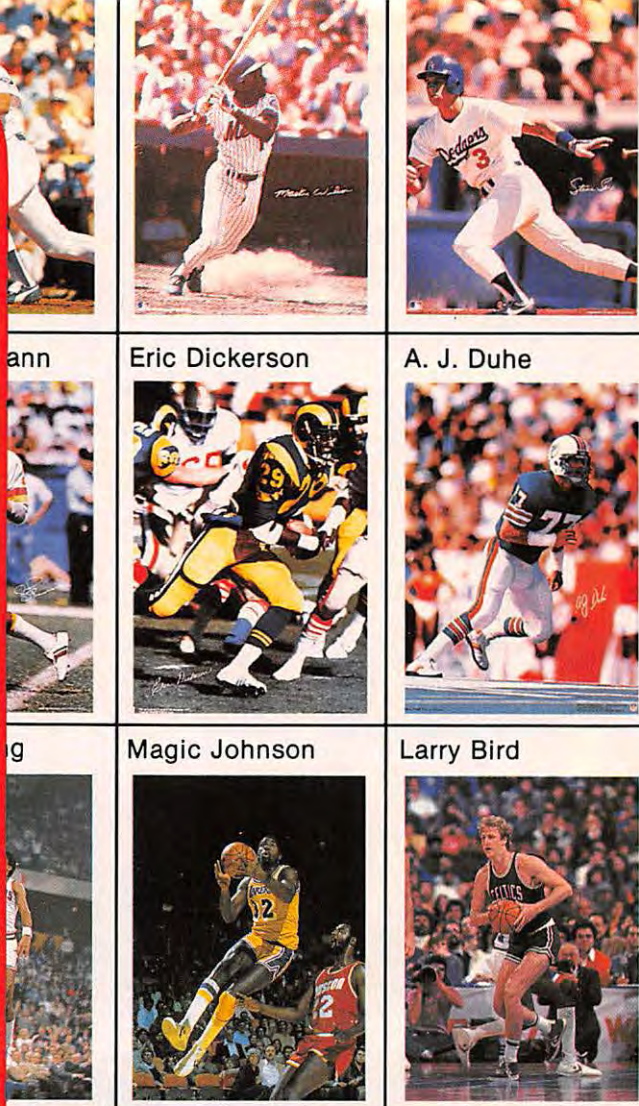
Missouri: (314) 343-8000

Make your selections from the list, then (VISA or MasterCard orders) call to place your orders. Each poster is just \$4.00—plus \$1.50 per order for postage and handling. Missouri residents pay 5.725% sales tax.

Or send your check or money order to:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Lockbox 2257, Hampton Bank
c/o Marketcom 4301 Hampton Ave., St. Louis, MO 63109

Sports Illustrated is a trademark of Time Inc. Allow 4-6 weeks delivery (Sorry, no foreign orders accepted). Distributor and dealer inquiries welcome.



ann

Eric Dickerson

A. J. Duhe

g

Magic Johnson

Larry Bird

Sports Illustrated
**SUMMER
SPECIALS!**

**BIG 2'X3' FULL-COLOR
ACTION POSTERS**

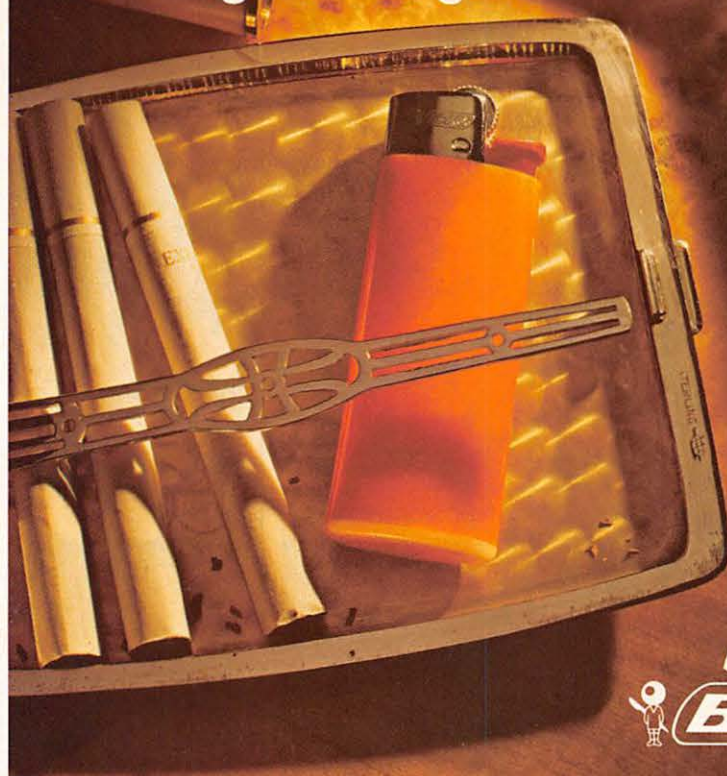
ONLY **\$4.** | BUY 3 GET ONE
FREE!

ORDER NOW BY PHONE!

1-800-325-3313

MasterCard or VISA accepted.

Introducing the Mini-Bic.
So advanced, it goes where no
lighter has gone before.



mini
BIC

BOOKTALK

by BRUCE ANDERSON

IF BOWLING KITSCH IS UP YOUR ALLEY,
THIS BOOK SHOULD STRIKE YOUR FANCY

Anyone named H. Thomas Steele who sits down to write a book on bowling begins with a handicap. H. Thomas is not a bowling name. Tom is, and Tommy certainly is. Yes, Tommy Steele is simple and unpretentious, possibly a brother Raccoon. *Sergeant Steele* is a good pin name, too. Sarge could be counted on to win a few beer frames. In his book *Bowl-O-Rama: the Visual Arts of Bowling* (Abbeville Press, \$19.95), Steele tacitly acknowledges the name problem by being pictured wearing a bowling shirt with FLOYD stitched over the pocket.

Steele is a graphic designer whose first book was a colorful salute to Hawaiian shirts. In this, his second work, he pays tribute to bowling kitsch with a well-designed, though undersized, coffee-table book. The author takes the reader on a four-color tour of the game's attic and finds not only shirts and trophies but also clocks, sheet music, costume jewelry and much more.

It is these fanciful items, many from Steele's personal collection, that give the book life. Where else is one likely to find a bowling weather vane? A portable bar in the shape of a bowling ball, complete with pump decanter and liqueur glasses? An automobile shaped like a tenpin?

Steele is a designer, not a writer. The blocks of text that accompany the *objets de bowling art* are often insipid, though they are, fortunately, never lengthy. The abbreviated text also allows the author to avoid the big questions about bowling and the arts: Why aren't there any great bowling ballets? Operas? Novels? When will Philip Glass score a PBA tournament? Is rock 'n' bowl here to stay?

The book shows a pronounced Southern California bias, but, in fairness, where else has kitsch been so publicly and joyfully embraced? Steele, a native Angeleno, is in touch with the innate humor of his subject. The cover of *Bowl-O-Rama* features a bowling ball with the three finger holes cut out so the reader can get a good grip on the subject.

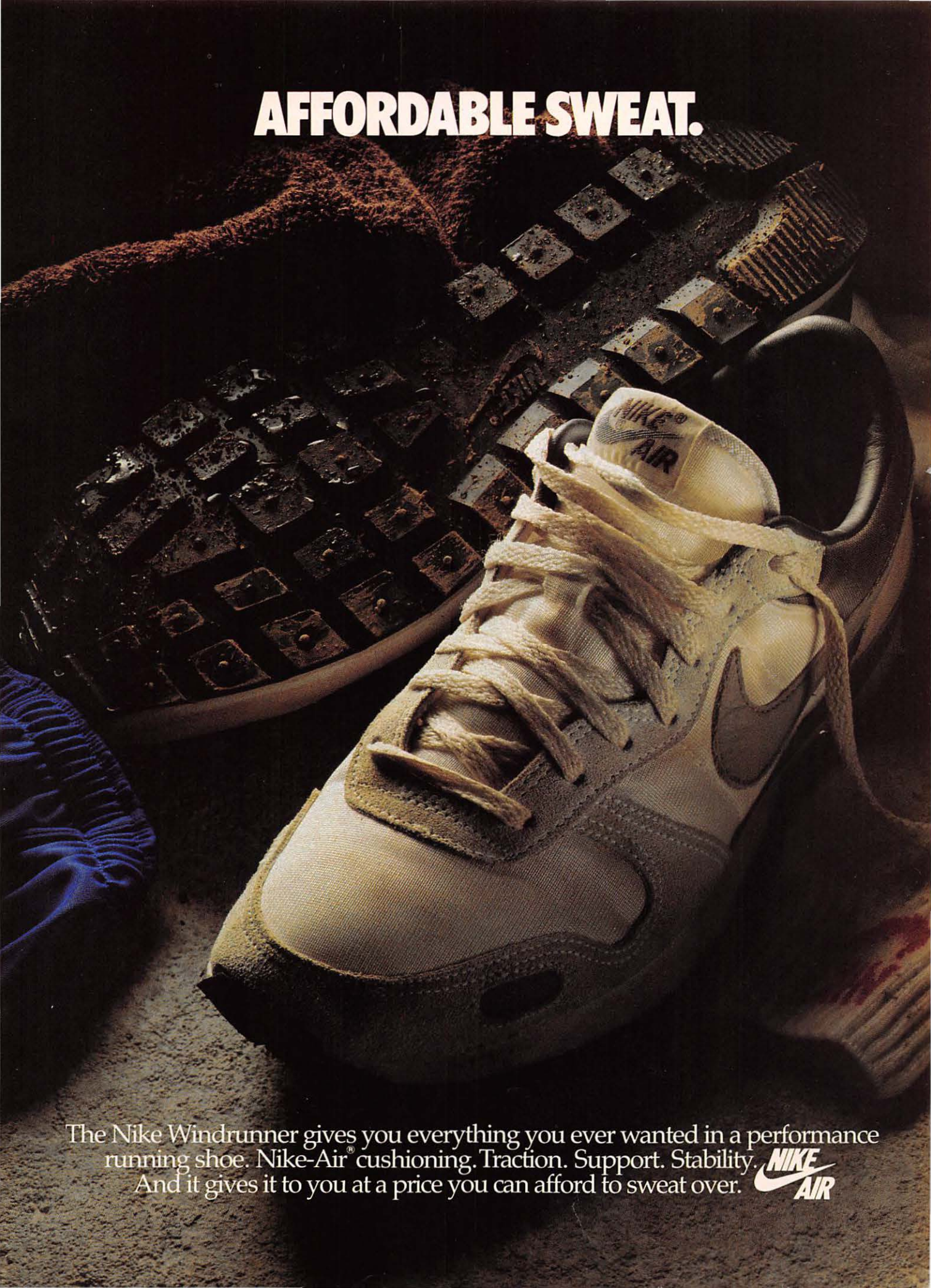
H. Thomas has assembled a book more than worthy of his name.

END

An advertisement for HBO Summer Celebration. It features a central Ghostbusters logo with a ghost. Surrounding it are several Polaroid-style photos of celebrities: MASK (Annie Hall), PRIZZI'S HONOR (Prizzi's Honor), PALE RIDER (Pale Rider), BOXING (Boxing), Billy Crystal (ON LOCATION: Billy Crystal), and Sisters in the name of love (Sisters in the name of love). The text "This Summer, Who Ya Gonna Watch?" is prominently displayed. The HBO logo and "SUMMER CELEBRATION" are at the bottom. A small text at the bottom left reads: "Ghostbusters slogan and 'No-Ghost' logo under license from Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. © 1984 Columbia Pictures Industries, Inc. All rights reserved. © 1986 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. ®Registered service marks of Home Box Office, Inc."

HBO
SUMMER CELEBRATION
To order HBO,
call your local
cable company.

AFFORDABLE SWEAT.



The Nike Windrunner gives you everything you ever wanted in a performance running shoe. Nike-Air® cushioning. Traction. Support. Stability. **NIKE AIR**
And it gives it to you at a price you can afford to sweat over.



SATISFY YOUR THIRST FOR THE BEST.

Imported by Van Munching & Co., New York, N.Y.

EDITED BY ROBERT SULLIVAN

A SUBJECT FOR PROTEST

The Commonwealth of Nations consists of 49 countries and a billion people, united by history and a sentimental allegiance to the British Crown. Every four years since 1930—excepting the years 1942 and '46—athletes from those members have met at the Commonwealth Games. At this year's games, just concluded in Edinburgh, a boycott by 32 Third World countries, protesting British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's refusal to impose economic sanctions on South Africa, left a heavy emptiness. In addition, many of the athletes who did attend the games chose to boycott Thatcher's official visit to Meadowbank Stadium last Friday.

This disruption of the games, which ordinarily constitute the friendliest of international sports festivals, frustrated both athletes and officials. Mike Fennell, who is Jamaica's representative to the Commonwealth Sports Federation and whose country joined the boycott, said in exasperation, "We must get a commitment from the politicians to leave the games alone in the future." Fennell's demand is unrealistic. Members of the CSF considered appealing to the 49 heads of government for just such a cut-and-dried pledge during meetings this week in London. There was immediate dissent. As federation members realized that such a proposal would be futile, support for the pledge drive diminished. The CSF membership eventually approved a watered-down appeal. By week's end it was decided that Commonwealth of Nations secretary general Sir Sonny Ramphal would "carry the view" of the sporting body, but wouldn't actually request a formal pledge from governments.

Even as the Commonwealth Games were limping along, another antiapartheid protest occurred across the North Sea. In a predawn raid following the first round of the Dutch Open, activists stole onto the Noordwijk Golf Course and tore up three greens with shovels. Fliers with the words **BREAK ALL SPORTS CONTACTS WITH SOUTH AFRICA** were found scattered on the course. The 3rd and 11th greens were so badly damaged that second-round play in the tournament was limited to just 16 holes.

The reason for the protest: Two play-

ers in the tournament held South African passports—one, Hugh Baiocchi, had entered the Netherlands on an Italian passport; the other, Philip Simmons, on an Australian—and two other players were said to have residences in South Africa. It was not, by a long shot, the first time that outrage over apartheid had spilled over into golf. Two decades ago a young South African golfer, Gary Player, sometimes needed a police escort when he competed in the U.S.

A BARGAINING CHIP NO MORE

Although NFL owners were elated about the \$1 jury award to the USFL in its antitrust suit (*page 18*), their players felt otherwise. With that verdict and the USFL's subsequent decision to suspend operations, one of their primary bargaining chips in contract negotiations is gone. Take the cases of Tony Casillas, the Atlanta Falcons first-round draft choice, and free agent Stump Mitchell, the St. Louis Cardinals running back who gained 1,006 yards last season, both of whom recently signed NFL contracts.

Three weeks ago, Casillas and Mitchell claimed to be on the brink of signing with the USFL's Arizona Outlaws. "Arizona has been very congenial to Lisa [his wife] and me," Casillas said after agreeing "in principle" to a four-year, \$2.3 million contract with the Outlaws and beginning workouts at the team's three-day minicamp. When told that the Falcons were sending someone to Phoenix to continue negotiations, Casillas commented, "Really, I don't think it's worth their time to come out." Mitchell, who had also reached one of those Arizona "in principle" agreements, was even more blunt: "I'm an Outlaw now."

Within five days of these brash statements both Casillas and Mitchell spurned the Outlaws and signed with their respective NFL teams. Casillas's contract with the Falcons was reportedly for four years and \$2.35 million, while Mitchell's with the Cardinals was for three years and \$1.2 million, both figures far in excess of the last offers made by those teams. Both players cooed over their new contracts, allowing that the NFL was *really* where they wanted to be all along.

With the end of the USFL's lawsuit—and probably the end of the USFL—players have seen the bargaining chips used so masterfully by Casillas and Mitchell snatched away. Quarterback Jack Trudeau, the Indianapolis Colts second-round draft choice, had been threatening to sign with the USFL but agreed to a Colts' offer within 48 hours of the verdict. And L.A. Rams coach John Robinson speculates that the court's ruling will help him keep fourth-year wide receiver Henry Ellard, who has been making noises about signing with the Outlaws.



SAM O. WEISSMAN

DUET FOR BATSMAN AND LEFTHANDER

Whenever fans at Wrigley Field hear the organist play *The Toreador Song*, they figure Cubs first baseman Leon (Bull) Durham is coming to the plate. But in the 10th inning of a game against the Phillies, Wrigley's opera buffs might have wondered just who was being saluted—Bull or the pitcher he faced, Don Carman.

SQUARE-OFF IN LONDON

Senior writer William Nack was in London last week for the opening of the world chess championship. His report:

Gary Kasparov, the 23-year-old champion, grinned as he swept from the ballroom of the Park Lane Hotel last

continued

The Ford that changed

There's little question that 1985 was the year of the Thunderbird.

On the fiercely competitive NASCAR circuit, a Thunderbird driven by Bill Elliott won a record-setting eleven super speedway races.

A Thunderbird set new track records at Daytona and Talladega.

A Thunderbird set a new World record for the fastest 500-mile race ever run.

And all in all, Ford Thunderbirds won 14 of the 28 NASCAR Winston Cup races. (In spite of being outnumbered by the competition by a ratio of about 6 to 1.)

The tremendous success

of the Thunderbird last year helps to explain why the competition has brought a whole flock of radically redesigned cars to the NASCAR Winston Cup circuit this year.

Their purpose: to try and match the aerodynamics, speed and handling already found in the Thunderbird.



Bill Elliott's Ford Thunderbird.
The car the competition is trying to match.

the shape of NASCAR.

What helps make the Ford Thunderbird such an outstanding performer is the excellence of its basic dynamic design.

The Thunderbird was shaped and refined in the wind tunnel.

It is a car that, even in its street versions, actually uses airflow for decreased wind-resistance

and improved handling and stability.

It is a car with years of Ford testing and design research behind it.

It is a car that demonstrates Ford's serious commitment to the future.

And it is the excellent basic dynamic design of the

Thunderbird that the competition is now trying to equal.

In its short racing history, the Thunderbird has won not just races, but accolades.

And perhaps the best accolade of all is the acknowledgment by the competition that they needed to go back to the drawing board.

Racing into the future.



Wednesday evening. Minutes earlier he and his archenemy, Anatoly Karpov, 35, from whom Kasparov had won the world title last fall, had finished struggling through the first 41 moves of the second game. The first game had been a sedate 21-move draw, but the second encounter was filled with flair and fire, and now the champion was leaving for the adjournment with a pawn advantage.

Suddenly, one of Kasparov's seconds approached and whispered something in his ear. Kasparov's smile vanished, and he slapped his forehead as if to say, "Oh, no!" What he had undoubtedly learned was that he had overlooked a simple but powerful placement of a rook on the 39th move that would have given him a decisive full-point win and an early psychological advantage in the 24-game match. Instead, he and Karpov returned the next

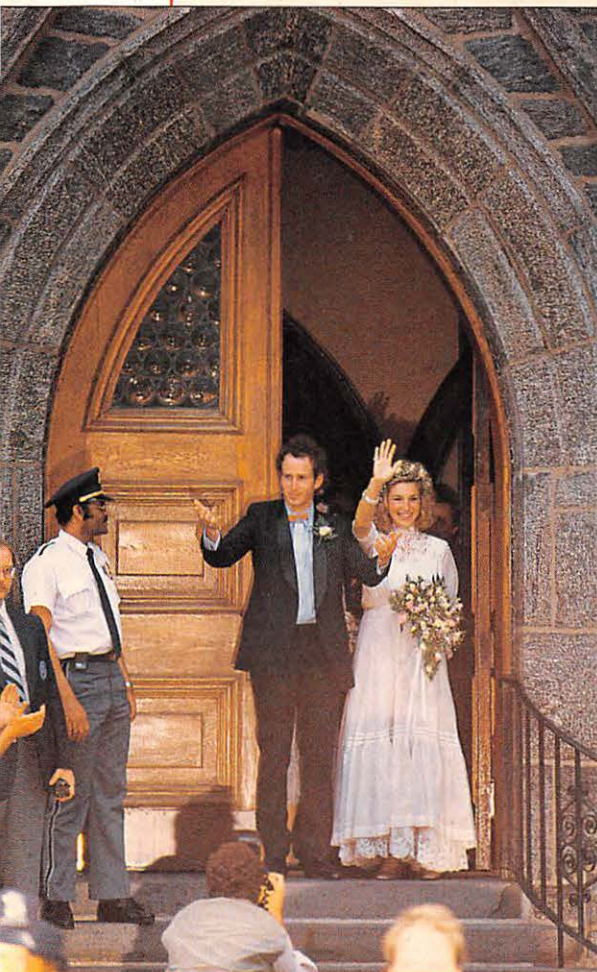
day for an extended but fruitless minuet that ended in a second draw, worth a half-point to each player. (The first player to score six victories or 12½ points is the champion.) They would draw again in the third game on Friday, thereby getting their ballyhooed rematch off to a stalemate start.

When Kasparov slapped his forehead, others did the same, because there is more going on in London than the mere playing of a game on 64 squares. What has evolved is a power struggle in which two Soviet players who can't stand each other are vying for political control of the International Chess Federation (FIDE). This battle beyond the board dates back to Feb. 15, 1985, when Florencio Campomanes of the Philippines, president of FIDE since 1982 and a close friend of Karpov, called off the first of the three

matches between the two players. Karpov was leading 5-3 at the time and needed only one more win to retain his title, but he had lost two successive games and appeared, after 48 games in five months, to be on the verge of nervous collapse. Kasparov was livid. He believed Campomanes and the Soviet Chess Federation had conspired to rescue Karpov. In a raucous Moscow press conference, Kasparov shouted, "They are trying to deprive me of my chance!"

Last fall's return match was limited to 24 games. With his victory, Kasparov became more voluble. He charged that an "international chess mafia" controlled the game and announced his support for a candidate challenging Campomanes for the FIDE presidency, Brazil's Lincoln Lucena. Chess experts predict that Campomanes will be out by the fall if Kasparov successfully defends his title, but will probably retain the presidency if Karpov wins. Lucena is backed by the chess federations of Western countries, while Campomanes is the favorite of the Third World. The Soviet bloc appears to be sitting on the fence, waiting to see what happens in the ballroom of the Park Lane Hotel and, later, in Leningrad, where the second half of the championship will take place. After a week, the battle remained even.

MISS O'NEAL WEDS TENNIS PLAYER ON L.I.



Mr. and Mrs. Mac greet their public at St. Dom's.

Both enjoyed precocious success and celebrity: She won an Oscar at 10, he won his first U.S. Open at 20. She was 22 and he was 27, and they were not only happy but they also had a 10-week-old son, Kevin. Nothing seemed to be missing from the world of John McEnroe and Tatum O'Neal except a wedding ring, and last Friday that failing was corrected when they plighted their troth at St. Dominic's Catholic Church in Oyster Bay, Long Island. The windows of the Gothic church were shrouded by blue drapes when O'Neal's limousine, accompanied by two police cruisers, pulled up at 5 p.m. and disappeared behind a large curtain stretched across the driveway. A 25-man security force kept 300 onlookers, including dozens of reporters and photographers, at bay. As McEnroe's limo pulled up, a neighbor who was miffed at all the secrecy yelled, "Show your face—this is your hometown!"

John's brother Patrick gave away the bride because Tatum's father, actor Ryan O'Neal—who in the past has displayed a temper to rival his new son-in-law's—was a no-show. McEnroe's former Stanford teammate Peter Rennert was the best man, and the list of 50 guests was sprinkled with the names of tennis pros and rock stars. "It was a beautiful ceremony," said tennis player Vitas Gerulaitis. "He was ready. He got all the words right."

After the 25-minute ceremony the newlyweds appeared for three minutes of kissing and hand waving on the steps of St. Dom's. Then it was back to work for McEnroe, who planned to play his first tournament in six months this week in Stratton Mountain, Vt.

THE THIRD-DOWN-AND-10 CLAUSE

Most pro athletes want a lot of incentives, options and guarantees before they take to the field, and Cleveland Browns linebacker Chip Banks is no exception. This season he's asking for a promise that he won't be replaced in passing situations. *Cincinnati Enquirer* columnist Jim Montgomery sees room for negotiation: "I'd give him one if he'll guarantee the tight end won't ever catch a pass."

THEY SAID IT

- Kent Hrbek, Twins first baseman, on the theory that baseballs are livelier this year: "That's bull. Tony Armas has four home runs. What did they do, send all the dead balls to Boston?"
- Christo van Rensburg, tennis pro, after beating his longtime doubles partner Paul Annacone in a singles match: "Paul always complains I don't watch his matches. Well, today I watched the whole match."

END

Ironman® is a registered trademark of the Hawaiian Triathlon Corporation.

Go with the best!

Meet the rugged new Timex Ironman®, the official timepiece of the Ironman Triathlon. This outstanding entry delivers precision accuracy to 1/100 of a second for peak performance.

★ A 16 hour chronograph with 8 lap Memory Recall to record individual lap performance.

★ A 3 mode, 10 hour countdown timer for cross training and pacing runs.

★ Water resistant to 100 meters.

★ Tough, lightweight resin case.

★ Large easy-access, top-mounted controls.

★ Lighted display for night workouts.

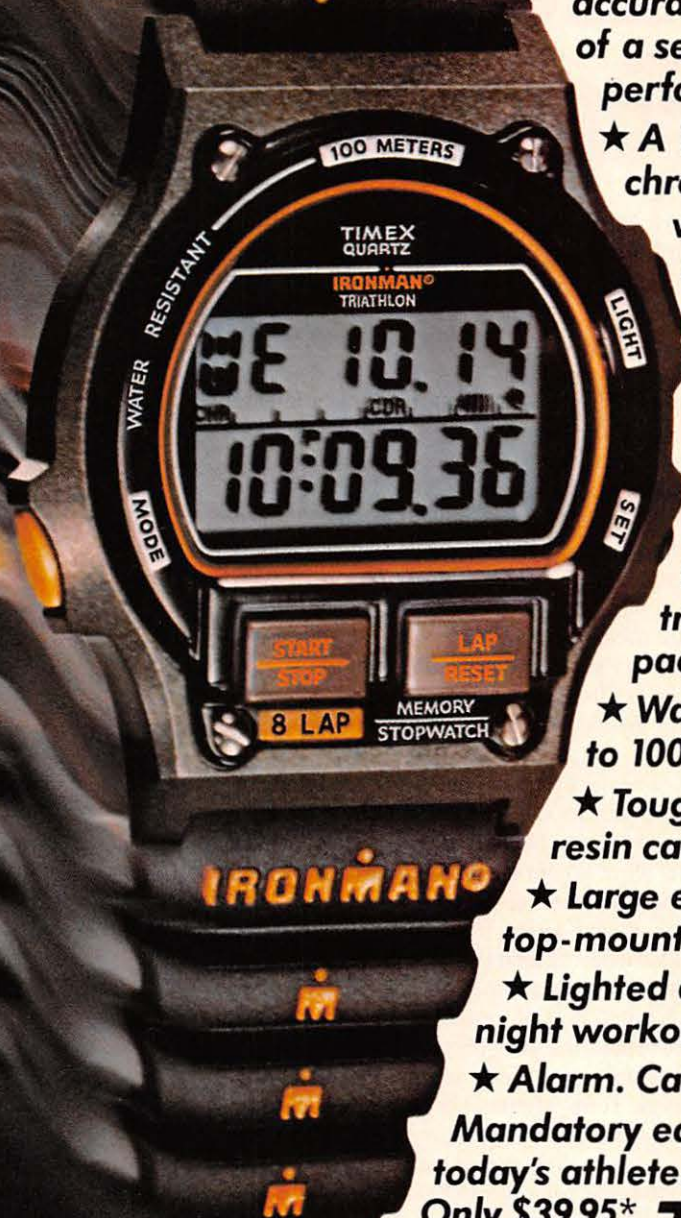
★ Alarm. Calendar.

Mandatory equipment for today's athlete.

Only \$39.95*

*Suggested retail price

TIMEX®
TOUGH TO BEAT



One Last, Mad Dash

The Angels' division-leading senior citizens head into the stretch knowing they have no time to lose

by **BOB KRAVITZ**

And so, as the California Angels make their sentimental journey towards the American League West title, let's pause a moment to reflect on a song once sung by their owner, that eminent cowpoke himself, Gene Autry. He performed it in the 1941 film *The Singing Hill*, but it could very well be the theme song for the 1986 Angels highlight film. In the key of C, if you will. . . .

*I'm heading for the Last Round-up
Gonna saddle Old Paint for the last time and ride
So long, old pal, it's time your tears were dried
I'm heading for the Last Round-up*

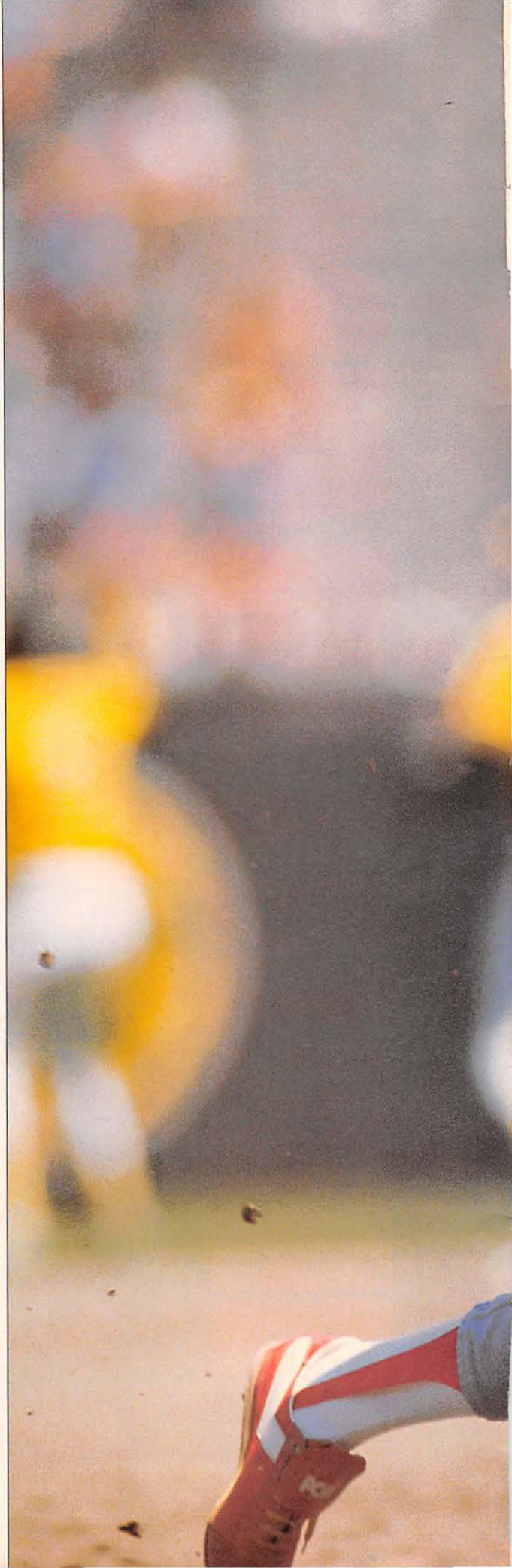
Yep, this could be the Last Roundup for the grizzled Angels, the final shoot-out for old hands Reggie Jackson, Bobby Grich, Brian Downing, Doug DeCinces, Doug Corbett and Bob Boone, all of whom are in the final year of their contracts. For them, the message is clear: Win or else. "And even if we do win it, who knows if we'll still be here?" says third baseman DeCinces. "I tend to doubt it."

But while the Angels ponder their uncertain future, they can revel in their present. California now has a two-game lead on the wet-behind-the-ears Texas Rangers and a 9½-game lead on the defending world champion Kansas City Royals. Last week Team Methuselah won four of seven games, including three out of four from the Oakland A's, who were riding a seven-game winning streak.

The Angels' formula for success has been solid pitching + excellent defense + just enough offense + experience. With such notable exceptions as rookie first baseman

continued

Reggie barreled around third against the A's on Wednesday. The result? Turn to page 16.







Happy landing: Jackson was safe at the plate with the go-ahead run in the 6-2 victory.

ANGELS *continued*

Wally Joyner and shortstop Dick Schofield, most of the heroes are not much younger than their owner.

In last Monday night's 6-3 victory over Oakland, DeCinces, who'll turn 36 this month, drove in three runs, two of them with a home run off Joaquin Andujar. When DeCinces was born, Gene Mauch was an infielder for the Boston Braves.

On Wednesday afternoon the Angels beat the A's 6-2 as John Candelaria, age 32, pitched seven strong innings and Jackson, age 40, singled and scored the game-winning run. Candelaria was born in Brooklyn the same year Roy Campanella led the Dodgers to 105 victories. Connie Mack still had four years left to manage the Athletics when Reggie was born near Philadelphia.

Thursday afternoon's 8-5 victory over the A's was another one for the ages. Downing, 35, and Boone, 38, hit grand slams off Eric Plunk—the first time a team has hit two in a game this season and just the second time the Angels have ever done it. Downing was born two days after the Yankees swept the Philadelphia

"Whiz Kids" in the 1950 World Series, and Boone came into this world in '47, the year 29-year-old Ted Williams won the Triple Crown.

In the series opener in Seattle Friday afternoon, Don Sutton, 41, earned victory No. 305, a 3-2 win over the Mariners. DeCinces hit a solo homer, and 36-year-old George Hendrick, born the year Autry came out with the movie *Riders in the Sky*, had a two-run shot. By now you should be getting the idea that some of the Angels are *old*. Sutton, who has been accused of doctoring a pitch or two, arrived only 11 years after Burleigh Grimes threw the last legal spitter in '34.

"They keep talking about age," DeCinces said after Friday's game. "But we're talking quality players here, real quality people."

The numbers indicate that the quality has suffered only a little with the years. Jackson is hitting .263 and is second in the AL in on-base percentage at .408. Downing is hitting .270, with 12 homers and 56 RBIs, and DeCinces has 13 home runs and 57 runs batted in. Boone, fourth on the alltime list for games caught, is still gunning down base stealers at a rate of better than 50%. And the redoubtable

Sutton has won 8 of his last 10 decisions.

"The age thing has been written every year since 1981," says Downing. "People look too much at age and not the other things that make a winning team. Look around this room and you see so many guys with very strict training regimens. Reggie, myself, Rick Burleson, Boone with his martial arts program."

Enter most postgame locker rooms and the players are feasting. Enter the Angels' domain, and many are working out with weights or stretching. After Friday's game at the Kingdome, Boone was seen wearing a weightlifter's belt and hauling around dumbbells.

But then, the Angels have been carrying around the weight of an uncertain tomorrow all season. "There is a very strong feeling this is probably our last time together as a group, particularly if we don't win it," says Downing. "And that's a driving force. Management has come right out in saying they would like to move us out. But, hey, winning might take care of that."

Manager Mauch bristles at the notion that this is the Last Roundup. Well, more than bristles, actually. "I never give that issue any consideration," he says curtly. "During spring training, anyone who mentioned it to me, well, it made me thoroughly disgusted. That's not the way a player should think."

Yet it was Mauch himself who held a May meeting in which he told his veterans that if the Angels did not get "over the hump" this season, many of them would be gone. California general manager Mike Port says he would like eventually to operate with roughly 90% of his players coming from within the organization, and he has several players in the minors ready to step in a la Joyner, who is hitting .309 with 21 homers and 74 RBIs. "If you look at your team with your heart and keep veterans around for the sake of being sentimental, you're lost," says Port. "It's performance that counts. Performance of late."

"Ninety wins," says Mauch, who is still chasing the White Whale, i.e., his first pennant. "I want 90 in the worst way. That's all I think about day after day after day. I don't believe anybody else in our division can win 90."

The Angels got off to a slow start, partly due to disabled-list stints by Candelaria and ace reliever Donnie Moore, 32.

They also had the distractions of Wallyworld, Reggie's 537th homer (to pass Mickey Mantle) and Sutton's 300th win. But they closed ground on Texas by beating them six straight times over two weeks in June, and they took over first place on July 7.

Of course, getting to first place has never been a problem with the Angels. Staying there into October has been the hitch. "For four out of five years, we've been there in September, but we haven't closed," says Jackson. "The great teams I played on always closed. . . . The difference this year, though, is the pitching can get us through those last 30 games." Says Downing, "Our pitching and defense are the best I've seen in nine years here." The Angels simply do not beat themselves.

Mike Witt and Kirk McCaskill are the 1-2 punch in the starting rotation, two young pitchers with strikeout and com-

plete game capabilities. Witt, 11-7, is second in the league in innings, third in ERA and fifth in strikeouts. McCaskill, or "Dr. McK," is third in strikeouts and fifth in ERA with a record of 12-7.

Then there's Sutton, who has rebounded from a 2-5 start to a 2.77 ERA in his last 11 games. Candelaria will be a most important man down the stretch. He underwent surgery April 16 to remove a bone spur from his left elbow and didn't pitch until July 8. He is 4-1 with a 2.67 ERA since his return. "I'm trying to get the fear about the elbow out of the back of my mind," he says. Mauch bemoans the lack of a good fifth starter, but he should be able to finesse that deficiency. Moore's arm problems appear to be over. He has been overpowering, with five saves in his last five appearances.

The Angels' defense is the best in the league. They've made 12 fewer errors than the second-best defensive team, the Detroit Tigers. Joyner, the phenom who

refuses to fizzle, is a wizard around first. Schofield is steady and sometimes spectacular at shortstop, and Gary Pettis is virtually guaranteed a Gold Glove as long as he prowls centerfield.

WE'RE SO EXCITED is the catchy advertising slogan for the club, but BUSINESS AS USUAL would be more appropriate. "There isn't the same camaraderie here that you'll find on teams of 25-year-olds," says Grich. "Even the young guys are quiet. But it's good because most everyone has been through these races."

Could Mauch's unfortunate record of 24 years without a pennant winner finally be coming to a close? "Yes, we're doing just fine," the skipper said on the phone to Autry on Friday. "We're not going to worry about anybody else. We're just taking care of ourselves."

The Angels might as well sit back and enjoy it. As Autry remembers from his Hollywood days, all cowboys eventually go riding off into the sunset. **END**

Jose Canseco goes out of his way to break up the DP, but Schofield turns it anyway.



The Award Was Only Token

The USFL proved part of its case against the NFL only to see the jury throw the winners for a loss

by CRAIG NEFF

One dollar," jury forewoman Patricia McCabe read in a flat voice last Tuesday afternoon, and the crowd inside room 318 of the federal courthouse in Manhattan gasped. The United States Football League had just won its claim in its potential \$1.69 billion antitrust case against the National Football League that the league is a monopoly, yet had been awarded barely enough in damages—\$3, when automatically tripled under antitrust law—to buy coffee and a danish from the stand outside the courthouse. When McCabe then pronounced the NFL cleared by the jury on all other counts, NFL attorney Frank Rothman, who had been studiously unemotional throughout the three-month-long trial, punched his fist in the air. "Justice is wonderful," he declared, beaming.

So ended the trial that was to have changed pro football in America—and probably did, in ways that are yet to be defined. The verdict was almost surely a landmark: a precut tombstone for the young, money-losing USFL, which, according to several published reports, needed at least \$300 million in damages from the NFL if it was to survive. On Monday, USFL owners met for seven hours with commissioner Harry Usher in New York City and decided to suspend operations for the season—it was to have begun on Sept. 13—while pursuing their legal options regarding damages and network television access. It was possible that the action might free such USFL stars as Jim Kelly, Herschel Walker and Kelvin Bryant to sign with NFL teams for this season.

According to legal experts interviewed by SI, the USFL's prospects for a successful appeal are slim. The basis for the appeal presumably would be posttrial statements to reporters by two jurors who indicated they misunderstood the court's instructions on damages.

ANDREW POPPER



Usher smiled before the verdict, but his league won just enough—\$1—for a subway ride.

The NFL crowed over the verdict. Rothman called it "a total, unequivocal victory" for the league. Said Dolphins owner Joe Robbie, "On the surface it gives the league even greater stability than in the days before the World Football League." NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle, who during his ride to the courthouse had heard a sobering radio bulletin announcing only that the USFL had won, said that the USFL had "shot itself in the foot" by overspending and shifting its

season from the spring to the fall. The USFL, Rozelle said, had tried to "black-mail" the NFL into a merger by suing over "baseless claims."

USFL attorney Harvey Myerson had presented those claims with considerable flair (SI, July 7), but the jurors found legal heft in the quiet, solid rebuttal by Rothman and colleague Robert Fiske. The stakes were high. Had the USFL won full damages, several NFL teams would have faced financial peril. "This was the

biggest threat we'd ever faced," said Bengals owner and general manager Paul Brown. "While I felt all along that we were in the right, I didn't have that much faith in what the jury might decide."

But as things turned out, it was the USFL that found itself deeper than ever in financial trouble. "Was that a jury or a bleeping circus?" thundered former USFL wide receiver Nolan Franz, now a member of the NFL's Green Bay Packers, who had hoped to recover back pay he says is owed him by the defunct Boston-New Orleans-Portland Breakers. "My 35,000 bucks just went down the tubes." Current USFL players, some 300 of whom had already received either 30% of their 1986 salaries or \$10,000, expressed concern about their future, while NFL players, agents and union leaders feared the loss of bargaining leverage.

The verdict raised both practical and philosophical questions. Why, for example, was the NFL, although a monopoly controlling more than 90% of pro football's revenues, allowed to get off so lightly? "Everyone knows the NFL is a monopoly," said Tacoma, Wash., attorney Albert Malanca, an antitrust authority. "It's as blatant as the nose on your face. . . . The thing is, how was anyone hurt by them?" In this case the jury determined—after 31 hours of stormy deliberation—that the NFL monopoly had not significantly injured the USFL.

The jury left unclear exactly what the NFL had done wrong. On eight specific antitrust and common-law claims (foremost among them a charge that the league had monopolized pro football's television market), the jurors absolved the NFL. As a result, NFL attorneys will ask Judge Peter K. Leisure to overturn the jury's general finding that the league did "willfully acquire or maintain monopoly power" in the market of pro football. "If we're not monopolizing the [specific] parts of the business, then what are we a monopoly of?" asked Rozelle.

The NFL contended throughout the trial that it is a "natural" monopoly that achieved its dominant position because of sound management and the unique nature of the pro sports industry, in which one league usually wins out. But it is ar-

guable whether the NFL's monopoly is either natural or desirable. In fact, the NFL was able to strengthen its competitive position at least partially because of limited antitrust exemptions approved over the years by Congress. Currently, for example, the NFL enjoys an antitrust exemption that allows it to negotiate broadcast rights for all 28 of its teams, which then share equally in the television revenue, accounting for 60% of the league's income. As Stephen Ross, a former antitrust lawyer with the U.S. Justice Department and now a law professor at the University of Illinois, points out, this hurts fans by removing most of the financial incentive for owners to try to improve losing teams—why bother, if you receive as much money for going 0-16 as for winning the Super Bowl?

Ross says that revenue sharing makes the NFL less willing to expand to appealing markets like Phoenix, because "that would only mean a smaller piece of pie for everyone at the trough." Instead NFL teams, sometimes with league acquiescence, shamelessly play cities off against one another to get costly new stadiums built or existing ones improved at taxpayer expense. Tennessee Senator Albert Gore, who wants a franchise in Memphis, says the NFL has created "an artifi-

cial scarcity" of teams. He asked the Justice Department to look into the league's "monopolistic behavior."

Last week's verdict raised concerns that a newly emboldened NFL may pressure Congress for even broader antitrust exemptions that include the right to sell television rights to pay-cable outlets. Legislation currently before Congress would give the NFL greater power to control franchise movement and protect its current revenue-sharing arrangement against an antitrust challenge in exchange for a written policy governing future expansion. "We don't intend to press for that [legislation] now," insisted Rozelle last week.

Besides all but killing the USFL, the verdict could have a dramatic effect when the NFL begins negotiating a new collective bargaining agreement with its players' union before the 1987 season. "If the NFL really takes this [verdict] as a victory and gets cocky about it, what they're really setting the stage for is a big union strike next year," warned California-based agent Mike Blatt.

For now, however, the NFL is back to business as usual. Said Lions general manager Russ Thomas, grinning after learning of the verdict, "Another day, another dollar, isn't that right?" **END**



Rozelle proclaimed a major victory even though the court ruled the NFL a monopoly.



Joyner became a princess of midair when she soared 23' $\frac{3}{4}$ " in the heptathlon long jump.

Way Out Where No One Can Join Her

Jackie Joyner bravely pushed herself to a second world heptathlon record at the U.S. Olympic Festival in Houston **by HANK HERSCH**

Rounding the final turn of the University of Houston's Robertson Stadium track on Saturday night, Jackie Joyner suddenly came alive. Just 26 days earlier, Joyner had smashed the world heptathlon record during the Goodwill Games in Moscow. Now, motivated by a will to break her own record at the U.S. Olympic Festival, she squared herself to the Texas heat and the last third of the seventh and final event, the 800-meter run. A time of 2:10.62, slower by .60 of a second than she had run in Moscow, would do. "Look down at the track," Joyner thought. "Concentrate on yourself. Go to your arms and move."

As Joyner's star was rising, Carl Lewis was trying to make his own shine again. World records have always eluded Lewis; indeed, his closest call had come in his favorite event at the National Sports Festival, as it was then called, four years ago in Indianapolis, where a long jump estimated at 30 feet was raked away because of a questionable foot-fault call. At the time, Lewis said the leap that would erase Bob Beamon's 18-year-old 29' $\frac{1}{2}$ " mark would come. But even though Lewis has won his last 48 long jump competitions, he still carries the mental weight of Beamon's record. "I'm relaxed, I'm at home and I'm in phenomenal shape, as good or better than for the Olympics," Lewis said last week. "This is the ideal position, ideal place, ideal time."

Not this time, though. On Saturday, after Lewis anchored the South team to victory in the Festival's 4 × 100 relay, he iced his left knee, which had been bothering him since mid-July. "If I can walk tomorrow, I'll jump," he said. He could, but he didn't. After a few practice passes he scratched because of a swollen knee. He said afterward that it looked "bleak" for his upcoming European appearances.

First-class performers like Joyner and Lewis wanted to make the Festival's track and field competition, always diminished by late-shows and no-shows, into a show of shows. Coming each non-Olympic year at a crucial time during the lucrative European track season, the 34-sport Festival tries to sell national spirit and a free trip home to top American athletes. The meet and the crowds have gradually gotten bigger since the Festival began in 1978. A record Festival turnout

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICH CLARKSON

of 16,500 roared for Joyner on Saturday.

The crowds would have been even larger and the spotlight brighter had Renaldo (Skeets) Nehemiah moved a little faster. Nehemiah, whose 110-meter high hurdles world record of 12.93 seconds has lasted through the four years he was a receiver for the San Francisco 49ers, has had his amateur track status reinstated by the IAAF, the international track and field governing body. But he vacillated about entering the Festival until the extra lane in which he might have run was filled by an old nemesis, Greg Foster.

Some of the hurdlers in Houston viewed Skeets as a fifth wheel. "It's disgusting to have to wait for one man to put glamour back into the hurdles," said Roger Kingdom, the '84 Olympic gold medal winner. "It's an insult to us."

Foster said, "Nehemiah will never go under 13 [seconds] again. Never again. The day [Nehemiah] beats me is the day I don't finish the race." Foster then didn't finish the race because of leg cramps. Tonie Campbell won in a slow 13.57. Nehemiah planned to return to competition this week in Viareggio, Italy.

Joyner wrapped up the four-event first day of the heptathlon that had begun inauspiciously. Shooting for a 12.75 in the 100-meter hurdles, she finished in 13.16, .31 of a second off her Goodwill time. The temperature, which reportedly reached 126° on the polyurethane track, and the oppressive humidity could have served as handy excuses for Joyner to slip into cruise control, but she continued to push. "The 13.16 happened for a reason," she said. "It happened so I could get the points back in something else. The heptathlon always slaps you back to reality."

Joyner then gathered steam, equaling her personal best in the high jump (6' 2"), setting a PB in the shot put (49' 10½") and ripping off a heptathlon world best in the 200, with a 22.85. Her first-day point total of 4,148 was three shy of her record Moscow output. She went back to her room, iced her troublesome hamstring and tried not to think too much about the day ahead.

"Press it, press it, press it," Joyner's

husband and coach, Bob Kersee, yelled to her from the stands as she took off on her second long jump attempt on Saturday. Joyner charged hard and took off a millimeter from the foul line, hanging long enough not just to press it, but also to fold it and put it away. Her 23' ¾" flight was another heptathlon world best, and the record chase was now really on. She set yet another PB with a heave of 164' 5" in the javelin. After waiting an hour for the start of the 800, Joyner ran laboriously through the first 500 meters. "It was the first time the husband in me was fighting with the coach," said Kersee, having been the former for seven months, the latter for six years. "I wanted to ask her if she was dizzy or tired or what. But the coach was saying, 'Damn, you didn't drag me 7,000 miles back and forth for nothing. So let's get it done.'"

Joyner sighted Jolanda Jones 25 meters ahead of her and began to pump going into the last turn. Coming out of it she had passed Jones, and was cruising on her own down the backstretch into a light breeze in front of a charged crowd. When Joyner crossed in 2:09.69, she was utterly spent, and her point total of 7,161 was 13 more than she had piled up in Moscow. "It happened in the United



Kersee (left) lent a hand after the 800.

States, in front of the people I know, and that's a good feeling," said an elated Joyner, who bettered her nearest competitor by 1,024 points. Kersee pointed to a yellow baseball cap he was wearing with RECORD branded across it. "To do that in a month's time in this much heat, my hat is off to her," he said. "This hat is retired."

END



Lewis (83) ran a good leg in the relay, but a bad leg made him pass up the long jump.

Go Downpitch And Buttonhook Smartly, Mate

From punkers to peers, all Albion was agog as the Bears met the Cowboys in London's jam-packed Wembley Stadium

by RICK TELANDER

The camouflage-suited, porcupine-haired figure sprinted down a crowded concourse at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, his sunglasses glinting, a cigar in his mouth, a precious cargo held gingerly before him. At the gate he was ordered to stop. He paused, considered his options, then chucked his plastic cup of beer into a convenient trash can and dashed onto the waiting airplane.

Fidel Castro? A thirsty Contra? A visitor from *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*? No, it was Jim (Mad Mac) McMahon, the world's first rock 'n' roll quarterback. The Man From Punk was kicking off the Chicago Bears' part of the NFL's invasion of Britain, a brilliant bit of corporate and cultural promotion that peaked a week later on Sunday when the Bears beat the Dallas Cowboys 17-6 at sold-out Wembley Stadium in London.

There have been other NFL exhibitions in foreign lands—Japan in 1975, Mexico City in 1978, London in 1983—but no other that was promoted by the league or carried the upbeat possibilities of the '86 extravaganza. International TV rights? Product marketing? European expansion? The possibilities lie there like so many seeds waiting to be tended by the NFL's green thumb.

You want to think really big? Well, how about worldwide expansion of the league? How about the London Rippers versus the Tokyo Kamikazes in Super

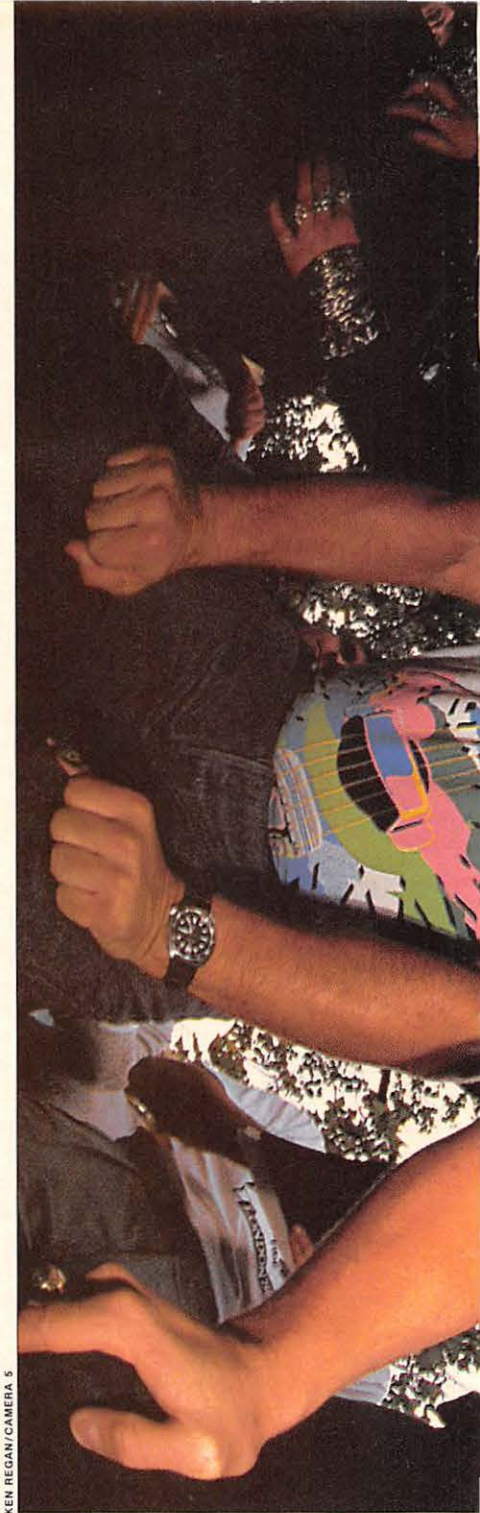
Bowl MM, played on a spaceship orbiting the moon? According to Ralph Miller, the sales and promotions manager of Wembley Stadium, a quarter of a million tickets could have been sold to Sunday's game alone. Miller wants the NFL back in London for five preseason games next year. "And all this was done naturally," marveled the Cowboys' president, Tex Schramm. "It wasn't forced on the English. For some reason they were just ready for it."

Certainly they were anxiously awaiting McMahon, who, once aboard the 747, joined the other half of America's weirdest sports duet. That could only be William Perry, the almighty Fridge, the Bears' cuddly defensive tackle who reportedly earned \$3 million—and another nickname, the Endorser—in the past year for being friendly and large.

It was nice that the Cowboys and all the other Bears came to London, too, but with these two, they weren't really needed. ("Are you as good as the Refrigerator?" an employee at Hyde Park's Intercontinental Hotel asked Walter Payton when the team arrived.) In the combined personae of Mad Mac and Fridge lay every quality the English expected to find in what must now be called "American football"—wealth, talent, controversy, cheekiness, girth and odd clothes.

Check that. The Cowboy cheerleaders were needed as well. They arrived on

Thursday and were glowingly described by London's *Daily Express* as "three dozen lovelies with high IQs plus a formidable knowledge of current affairs." For the Cowboy players, who came all the way from training camp in Thousand Oaks, Calif., eight time zones from London, the main souvenir they would take back home with them was jet lag. "I never did get straight," said Tony Dorsett. "I spent most of my days sleeping and went to discos at night." Indeed, such traditional training-camp hardships as cur-



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5



A cross-culture huddle included punks plus (clockwise from six o'clock) McMahon, Van Horne, Butler, Ken Margerum and Payton.

fewers scarcely existed for either team in London. "This is a cultural exchange as much as anything. We *want* the players to get out and meet people," said Bears G.M. Jerry Vainisi. One of the first people Bears tackle Keith Van Horne met was a punked-out lad who posed for a photo with him in Piccadilly Circus. "Mind if my friend joins us?" asked the youth, who then fished a spotted rat out from somewhere in his clothes and stuck the live rodent in his mouth.

English culture was alternately confusing and amusing to the players all week. It was as hard for them to fathom pubs closing at three in the afternoon as it was for the Brits to understand the appeal of living in a 20-story high rise without a garden. Some English words also created mild problems, gridiron becoming "pitch" and teams becoming "sides."

"How long does it take to do your hair, luv?" Bears kicker Kevin Butler asked a spike-coiffed girl in Sloane Square one

afternoon. The girl, whose studded leather jacket bore a drawing of the late ultra-punker Sid Vicious's coffin, was unwilling, or unable, to answer.

Yet it was obvious to all that the contrast between the cultures was exactly what was at the root of the American football craze in Britain. "This country is too set in its way," said shaved-headed Jerry (the Animal) White, who plays for the Streatham All Powerful Olympians American football club, while watching

continued



BILL SMITH

BILL SMITH

While the Fridge was an obliging center of media attention, Mad Mac arrived at Heathrow wearing camouflage and dark shades.

THE NFL IN LONDON *continued*

the Cowboys and Bears practice at Crystal Palace on Tuesday. "England needs a new sport," said the Animal, whose two-year-old son, Eddie, romped at the end of a leash held by dad. White then added the requisite axiom of any discussion about the sudden popularity of American football: It is "refreshing" to soccer-saturated Brits because "the violence is on the field, not in the stands."

"It takes some tensions outta me system, and it's legal," concluded the Animal. This observation was followed by much nodding from his All Powerful Olympian teammates, Nigel (the Tank) Myles and Tony (Bugsy) Brock. The Tank is a Perryesque chap of "22 stone"

(308 pounds), but where did Bugsy get his nickname? Brock removed his two front teeth. "A naughty tackle," he grinned gappingly.

Some of the NFL players didn't care much about their ambassadorial roles or cultural possibilities. After all, this was also an extra preseason game, one for which they would receive little money but a great deal of disorientation. "If England was so nice, why did everybody leave and come to America?" Cowboy tight end Doug Cosbie wanted to know.

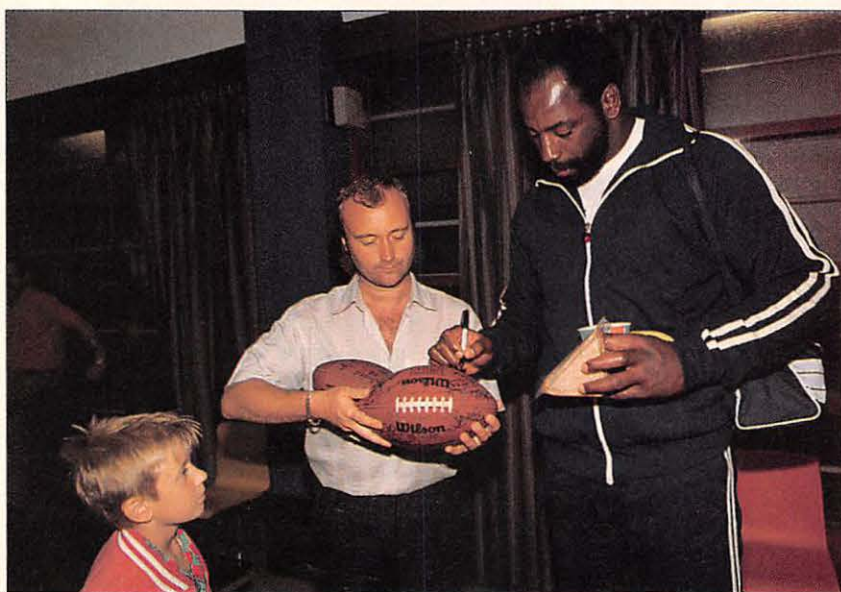
The Fridge, mobbed wherever he went, tried to stay open-minded while laying down certain socio-ethical limits.

"You'll never see me in no punk-rock outfit with no rat hangin' from my mouth," he stated vigorously.

Very rapidly, however, he found himself sucked into the vortex of the British tabloid whirlpool. The daily newspapers went after "Bill" Perry the way wolves go after a bunny. On Tuesday one such paper ran his picture on the same page as the headline: CROSSBOW KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE. On Wednesday, in a story entitled FEARLESS FRIDGE, the *Daily Express* wrote: "Legend has it that in his 28-stone college days, he once ate five chickens at one sitting, then jogged down to McDonald's for \$55 worth of burgers." Another paper called him: "The biggest piece of lard to make his name in sports" and "the ugliest athlete on earth." On Saturday came the headline in *The Sun*: FRIDGE IS RED HOT IN BED, SAYS WIFE, followed by the *Sunday Mirror's*: THE WEMBLEY COWBOY'S MESSAGE TO THE 'FRIDGE': KISS MY FEET.

The latter was an alleged quote from Dallas's Ed (Too Tall) Jones, who laughed when confronted with the news. "I haven't talked to the press at all," he said. "You know I could come up with something a lot better than that—or worse—if I wanted to."

Players learned to chuckle at the silliness *continued*



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

All that singer Phil Collins and his son required of Too Tall were a few autographs.

I stand by my brandy. E&J.





The Turning Point.

On the road, a car's competence is telegraphed instantly to its driver.

Is the steering fast enough? Does it have the right amount

of "feel"? Is the suspension suitably firm? Are the brakes definite and precise? Are the engine and transmission smooth and eager to respond?

At the same time, the driver discovers how he or she interacts with the car itself.

Are the seats supportive during cornering? Are controls easily reached and operated? Are instruments quickly read?

The result is a moment when the way a car responds to its driver either builds trust and enthusiasm – or disappoints.

This is the turning point.



Buckle up - Together we can save lives.

And you can experience it in a Thunderbird, with a road-test courtesy of your Ford Dealer.

Ford's 3-Year Unlimited Mileage Powertrain Warranty.

The new 3-year unlimited mileage warranty covers major powertrain components on 1986 Ford cars. Warranty is limited

and certain deductibles apply. Ask to see the 3-year unlimited mileage warranty when you see your Ford Dealer.

Ford. Best-built American cars...six years running.

"Quality is Job 1." In fact, for the past six consecutive years, Ford quality has led all other

American car companies. This is based on an average of owner-reported problems in the first three months of service on '86 models, and in a six-month period on '81-'85 models designed and built in North America.

Thunderbird



Have you driven a Ford...lately?

Just some of the many merchants who welcome the DiscoverSM Card. They'll welcome you, too.



**You pay nothing to get the DiscoverSM Card. In fact, it pays you—
with money back on every purchase. Money you can apply against your balance. Use
this unique card at participating locations of the businesses listed here.**

SPECIAL VALUE PARTICIPANTS

American Airlines
Budget Rent a Car
Denny's
HCA The Healthcare Company
Holiday Inns

TRAVEL & LODGING ESTABLISHMENTS

Airport Inn
Airways Rent-A-Car
Ajax Rent A Car
Atlanta American Hotel
Atlanta Rent-A-Car
Avis Rent A Car System, Inc.
Best Western Motels
Breckenridge Resort Hotel
Buena Vista Palace
Campbell House Inn
Colony Square Hotel
Comfort Inns
Days Inns
Delta Air Lines
Eastern Airlines
Econo-Lodges of America, Inc.
Econo-Suites of America, Inc.
Embassy Suites
Falls Church Inn
Family Inn
Frontier Airlines
Gelco Car Rental
Gold Key Inn
Greyhound Bus Lines
Hampton Inns
Harbor City Inn
Harder Hall Resort
Hertz Corporation (The)
Hilton Hotels
Hotel Royal Plaza
Howard Johnsons
Hyatt Hotels
Indian River Plantation
Islamorada
Lanier Plaza
Larson's Lodge
Lenox Inn
Marriott
Maxwell House
Mission Inn
National Car Rental
Northside Airport Express
Opryland USA, Inc.
Piedmont Airlines
Piedmont Inn
Pierremont Plaza
Port of the Islands
Quality Inns
Quality Royale Hotels
Ramada Inns
Terrace Garden Inn
Thrifty Rent-A-Car
United Airlines
Westin Hotels & Resorts

DINING & ENTERTAINMENT ESTABLISHMENTS

Abbey (The)
Arthur's
Bergers Colonial Restaurant
Brandywine Downs
Burt & Jack's
Carbo's
Carlos McGees
Carowinds
Chez Bernard
Circus World
Citrus Tower
Clarence Fosters
Coach House
Coach & Six
Cognito's
Copper Cellar
Cracker Barrel
Evans Farm Inn
Ferd Grisanti
Four Flames
Fuddruggers
Fulton Street Restaurant
Garcia's Restaurants
Grisanti's
Harris Imperial House
House of Beef
Joe's Stone Crab Restaurant
Julian's
Kunz's The Dutchman Restaurant
Lighthouse (The)
Loft Inn
Longhorn Steak House
Maison Blanche
Maitre'D (The)
Mansion (The)
Myrtle Beach Resort
On Broadway
Pepper Mill (The)
Pirates House
Pizza Hut
Regas Restaurant
Seville Quarter
Ships Cabin (The)
Sir Walter Raleigh Restaurants
Skoby's
Smitty's Restaurant
Sugar Top Resort
Sunken Gardens
Tiki Gardens
W.D. Crowley's

AUTOMOTIVE SERVICES

Ace Auto Parts
Advance Stores Company, Inc.
Airdrome Tire Centers
Atlanta Brake & Alignment
Auto Glass & Upholstery
Bob Sumerel Tire
Boomershine Pontiac
Brad Ragan Tire Company
Capitol Automobile
Carolina Tire Company

Chevron U.S.A. Inc.
Commonwealth Tire
Convenient Stores
Delco Oil
Discount Tire
Don Olson Firestone
Dyer & Dyer Volvo
Enterprise Leasing
Exxon Company, U.S.A.
Flowers Auto Parts
Frank Jackson Lincoln Mercury
Genuine Parts Co.
Hickman Nissan
Ice Cold Auto Air
Jim Martin Tire Co.
McGee Tire Stores
Midas Muffler
Mr. Tire
National Tire Wholesale
Number One Auto Parts
Olin Mott Tire Co. Inc.
Parrish Tire Sales
Performance Discount Tire
Phillip 66 Company
Rose Auto Stores
Sinclair Oil
Sound Advice
Super America/Ashland Petroleum
Tire America
Tractor Supply Company
Triad Tire Sales
Twin B. Auto Stores
U-Haul
Unocal (Union 76)
Vickers
Wiygul Automotive Clinic

RETAIL ESTABLISHMENTS

Ace Hardware
Alan's Inc.
Allied Sporting Goods
Anderson-Little
Annapolis Clothing Co.
Athlete's Foot
Athletic Shoe Factory
August Max
B. Dalton Bookseller
Bags Unlimited
Bankers Note
Behr Stores
Benchley Menswear
Bentley's Luggage
Brooklyn Furniture Rentals
Butler Shoe Corp.
Career Image
Carlyle & Company
Casual Corner
Cate McLaurin Appliance & Rental
Cato
Ch Rausch
Champs
Claire's Boutiques
Coles Ethan Allen
Computer South
Connie Shoes
Crown Drugs
Davidson's
DeSears Appliances
Dreyfus Jewelers
Edward Arthur Jewelers
Famous Footwear
Fines Mens Shop
Five & Ten
Flagg Shoes
Footlocker
Footscene
Foxy Screen Print
Fredelle
Front Row
Frugal Frank's
George Stuart Inc.
Hallmark Furniture
Hardy Shoes
Hideaways
Hi-Fi Buys
Hilliary James
Homeway Furniture
House of Golf
Hub, LTD (The)
If It's Paper
It's
J. Riggings
Jakes
Jarman Shoes
Jewel Box
JE's
Johnston & Murphy
Juvenile Bootery
Kaufman & Roberts
Kids Mart
Kinney Shoes
Kuppenheimer Mens Clothiers
Lady Footlocker
Leonard Jewelers
Links
Little Folks Shop
Little Links
MAB Paints
Macks
Maxway
Mills Jewelers
Myer-Emco
Outletters
Outrigger
Peter Glenn of Vermont
Petite Sophisticate
Phil's Shoes
Piece Goods Shop (The)
Pine Factory (The)
Quality Window Design
Rack Room Shoes
Radio Shack
Rebecca Ruth Candies
Reed Drug Store
Reeds Jewelers
Revco Drug Stores, Inc.
R.G. Branden's
Rhodes Furniture
Rich-Schwartz
Richman Bros.
Roberts Furniture & Appliance
Roscoe Griffin Shoe Company
Royal Jewel Box
Rutlands
Saslow's Jewelers
Scroggs Jewelers
Service Merchandise
Shaheens
Shipley's Inc.
Shoebbox
Sky City Discount Center

Sneakee Feet
Snyders
Sound Shops
Southeastern Electronics
Sportswearmart
Standard Sportswear
Standard (The)
Stitches
Stone & Thomas
Storehouse
Sullivan's Footgear
Sun Valley Waterbeds
Susie's Casuals
Swimsuit Outlet (The)
Target
Thornbury's Toys
Toys "R" Us
Tucker Jones Furniture
Ups 'N Downs
Video Square
Vogue/Body Shop
Watson's
Webster's Sport Center
West Building Materials
Williams Bros. Lumber Co.
Wolf Camera & Video
Wooten Jewelers

PERSONAL SERVICES

Action Hair
Air Animal Atlanta
American Fitness Centers
American Rental System
Begley Drugs
Belltone Hearing Aid Centers
Best Buy Drugs
Beverly Hall Inc.
Big B Cleaners
Centra Care
Choice Rentals
Classic Optical
Colony Cleaners & Laundry
Command Performance
Dent 1ST
Dianetics
Downtown Athletic Club
Duling & Kindy Optical
Eye Site Optical
Florida Hospital
Galeski Optical
Georgia Public T.V.
Great Hair Cuts Unlimited
Hair Pizzaz
Hair Plus
Humana
International Clinical Laboratories
Jack Rabbit Photo
Mademoiselle Spa
One Hour Optical
Opti Mart
Orlando Regional Medical Center
Shear Pleasure
Spectors Cleaners
Strong Vision Center
Summer Vision Center
Taylor Drugs
United Optical
Vanco Hearing Aids
WPBA T.V. WABE FM



ness of the "comics," as the tabloids are sometimes known in England, even to understand that a certain amount of myth-making was a necessary thread in the fabric of this game, particularly in a country that fancies cricket and snooker as major sports. Good thing. AMERICA'S GIANT SUPER BOWL CHAMPIONS—THE CHICAGO BEARS—JET HOME TODAY LEAVING A TRAIL OF HEARTBROKEN GIRLS BEHIND, leered *The People* on game day, using as evidence an unnamed hotel barman's claim that "one muscle-bound Bear" bought champagne for "eight stunning girls" and then took them all to his room.

On Friday, Bears fullback Matt Suhey, an off-season commodities trader, visited his friend and fellow options trader Andrew Coulton at the Goldman Sachs Futures Limited trading offices in Old Bailey. Coulton, too, has become an American football fan, and the Englishman tried to explain how magical the notion of size is for a country that has grown accustomed to its own declining economic and political influence. "You do get big

lads here, but they're plodders, not athletes," Coulton said. "We're fascinated by the skill level in the NFL, by the uniforms, by the modern stadiums in America. We see the show *Dallas* on TV, we see everything on such a big scale—big crowds, big money, big style—and it affects us. It's glamorous. In a way, we still think all Americans are millionaires."

Such big shots obviously needed protection, and Scotland Yard, in conjunction with NFL security, the U.S. State Department and the FBI, gave it, the only breakdown being a streaker who made it onto the field during Sunday's game. But there were no violent incidents of any kind during the two teams' stay in London, except for an old-fashioned skirmish between two Bears rookies in practice and the expected exchanges of ill will between the Bears and Cowboys during the game. "I think I just don't like Texans," said Van Horne, trying to pinpoint the problem.

After the planes touched down at Heathrow, and the famous detective spaniel, Oscar, had sniffed everyone's

luggage and found no drugs or explosives, both teams and their parties—more than 200 people on each side—seemed to forget about earlier worries of terrorist retaliation for the U.S. bombing of Libya last April. But not everyone did. An unattended briefcase was carefully and unobtrusively removed from the Wembley press box by a guard during the game, but it was found to contain nothing but "papers."

Mostly everyone had a jolly good time. The Fridge took a rambling excursion through London one day, firing his camera wildly from the back seat of a car while its hired driver snaked through streets as narrow as footpaths. "I got Big Ben," Fridge shouted, shooting through the window. He spotted the pond in St. James's Park. "Can you fish there?" he asked. "When I'm done with football I'm going back to Aiken, and I'm going to fish, fish, fish and fish."

The car passed a statue of Winston Churchill and Fridge mused, "Now *he* was a big man."

When the car parked, a not-yet-teen-

continued



From Bears into Beatles: On a pilgrimage to Abbey Road, Butler, Dan Hampton, McMahon and Van Horne recreated the album cover.



Outside of Wembley before the game, the Brits did their bit, buying hot dogs and burgers, throwing bootgate parties and reading papers with all of the latest insiders' info.



THE NFL IN LONDON *continued*

ager came up, knocked on a window and asked Fridge if he would step out to be photographed. Fridge declined. The boy pleaded, "I could make a lot of money."

After the youngster left, the Fridge shrugged and said, "See? Nowadays all kids think about is money. When I was a kid all I thought about was eatin'."

In short order the Fridge cheered up, and as the car rolled onward he said to no one in particular, "Yes, this is a bloody good town."

All Cowboy player personnel director Gil Brandt could think about was the new vistas for talent opened up by this

trip to the edge of Europe. "I'd love to get the first big Russian center," he said wistfully. Other Cowboys were not so single-minded. One night, Cowboy linebackers Jeff Rohrer and Steve DeOssie took in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* at the open-air theater in Regent's Park—no stage gimmicks, no hidden microphones, just good stage actors doing the master's work. The two Cowboys almost had apoplexy from laughing so hard. "We were howling and stamping our feet," said Rohrer, a former Yalie, who went back the following night, alone, to see the play again. "The actors project, they enunciate. One character insults another, calls him 'this spotted and inconstant man.'"

What language. I can't complain about this trip at all."

Doing their own scouting, the Bears signed an English kicker, one Russell Wilsmer of Isleworth, Middlesex, on Saturday and let him boot their first kickoff. It was not a good kick, and one could almost hear Wilsmer's mates back in Isleworth pubs sighing in distress.

It rained off and on throughout the game, but the 82,699 fans didn't seem to mind. The Fridge scored a touchdown, played a little linebacker, and the Bears won the sloppy, meaningless scrimmage.

By most accounts the tour had been a fabulous success. The NFL will do no more than break even financially, but that, said league administrative director Joe Rhein, is more than enough. The beachhead has been established.

Outside Wembley, in the evening

The Dallas cheerleaders kicked up a storm, but Perry (No. 72) and Richard Dent made the Cowboys' Dorsett cough up the ball.



JERRY COOKE

mist, 13-year-old Gavin Williams of London walked through the parking lot with his father, Reggie, a postal worker. Young Williams was ecstatic. He passed up a two-week vacation with his uncle in Spain just to see this contest. He loved

everything about the game, "except," he said, "the in-betweens are too long." But those pauses, he already knew, were for television timeouts, the lifeblood of the NFL, the very sap of American electronic enterprise.

So did he regret not seeing sunny Spain? Not one bit, he said. "You know," he explained in a knowing voice, "this might not happen again."

Gavin, old mate, it will. Trust us, it will.

END



KEN REGAN/CAMERA 5

HOORAY, APPLETON,

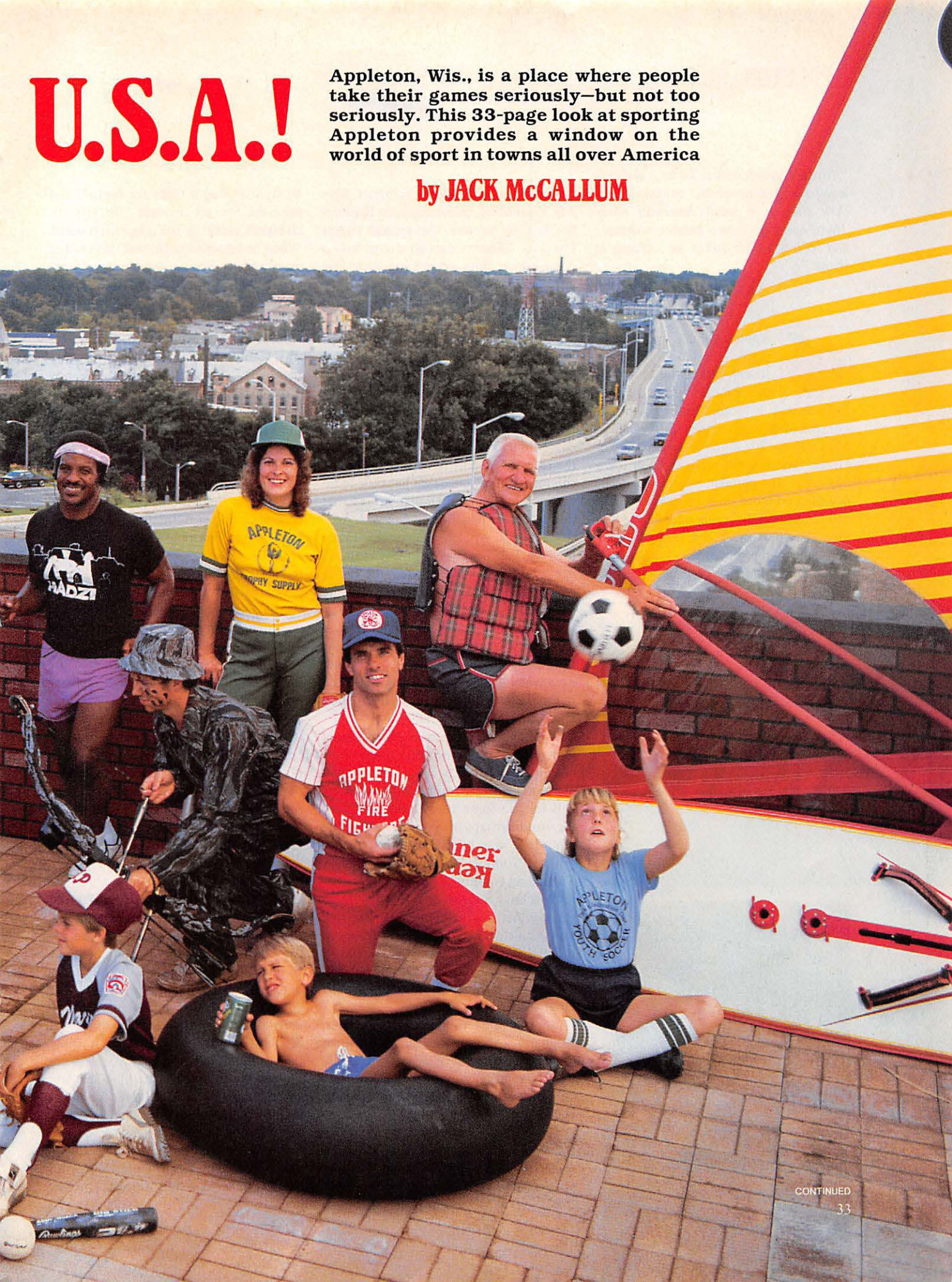


Appletonians atop the town's tallest building show their sporting colors.

U.S.A.!

Appleton, Wis., is a place where people take their games seriously—but not too seriously. This 33-page look at sporting Appleton provides a window on the world of sport in towns all over America

by JACK McCALLUM



"Always I have felt sorry for boys and girls who haven't spent the first sixteen years of their lives in a small American town. There one finds a nice balance of leisure and society which makes for richness in living."

—EDNA FERBER
A Peculiar Treasure



Appleton, once the home of Harry Houdini and Senator Joseph McCarthy as well as the Pulitzer Prize winner

Edna Ferber, is located in the northeastern part of Wisconsin, two hours north of Milwaukee, 30 minutes southwest of Green Bay. It's not really a small town anymore. Its population now exceeds 60,000, and more than 155,000 reside in the Chamber of Commerce-designated area known as the Fox Cities, of which Appleton is the crown jewel among 10. "I'd call it middle-sized America," says

Jack Fischer, an Appleton architect. Says J.R. Hammond, an executive at Kimberly-Clark in Neenah, the second largest Fox City, "There's enough size to have a certain anonymity, yet not enough to lose a certain intimacy."

We have come to Appleton to examine the sporting life, and life in general, of an American town, a town without a major league team or a major league garbage strike, a town that breathes clean air, sips fresh lemonade, does its shopping downtown and, with considerable relentlessness, pursues recreation when the workday is done. We hope to find in Appleton the essence of sport in mid-sized American towns, an essence that has little to do with the big-time, big-dollar variety that dominates the headlines.

Of course, Appletonians motor to see the NFL Packers, the major league Brewers ("the Packers all the time, the Brewers only when they're winning," said one trip organizer) and the University of Wisconsin football team, but they can find much of what they want and need right in town. They *participate* in sports and, even when they're watching, they are in a sense participating, because they often know the players personally.

Appleton is a place where high school athletes are still heroes and where summertime baseball is both a pastime and a continuum of generations. A boy plays ball for the same team his dad played for—and perhaps his grandfather before that. That may be the secret of smaller towns: Nothing changes very much. There is an equilibrium to the place.

"We have a lot of people who like to get together and celebrate being alive," says Appleton mayor Dorothy Johnson, a Salt Lake City native who moved to town 14 years ago from Fort Wayne, Ind. "We like to cheer each other, to see each other succeed."

They also like to help each other out. Appleton is still enough of a small town to produce the scene witnessed a few weeks ago at an American Legion baseball game at Legion Park. A boy of about

10 went to buy a Coke for himself and popcorn for his mother. He left his change, a nickel, at the concession stand. When he returned to his seat, his mother asked for the change, and the boy, thinking he had dropped it, started looking around in the grass. Suddenly, the woman from the concession stand appeared, chuckling. "You wouldn't be looking for this, would you?" she asked, holding up the nickel. She had followed the boy some 90 feet back to his seat to return it.

It would be simplistic, of course, to think that everyone in Appleton steps, freshly scrubbed, out of some turn-of-the-century Midwestern mold. "Why, there are just as many kinds of people in Kokomo as there are in Pekin," said the central character in the Harry Leon Wilson-Booth Tarkington play *The Man from Home*, and so, too, is there diversity in Appleton. But, all in all, one finds here a singularity of purpose, an affinity of values and a commitment to the idea of community that seems atypical in the 1980s.

"It's easy to become comfortable here," says Bob Lowe, city hall reporter on *The Post-Crescent*, the Fox Cities daily newspaper. The comment is revealing since Lowe, whose presence in town contributes heavily to Appleton's .1% black population, has been mistaken on the street for everyone from James Lofton to Mr. T. Perhaps that's why Lowe, when he's out for a run, often wears his favorite T-shirt, the one that says APPLETON, AN ALTERNATIVE TO REALITY.

It just may be.

From the roof of the 10-story, 220-foot Aid Association for Lutherans building, the tallest building in town, you can see the Fox River winding like a Christmas ribbon through the valley. On the banks of the river were built the paper mills that still dominate the valley economy. Originally the Fox was filled with rapids at Appleton and must have been quite beautiful, but now the muddy waters are crossed by four locks, built in the late 19th century to tame the river for trade. Appleton, the seat of Outagamie County, was the first hydroelectric-powered city in the world, and the first hydroelectric-powered house—dating from 1882—still stands on the west side of town. The Fox



BILL EPPENBERG



BILL EPPENBERG

Appleton has grown up around Lawrence University (left), and its flourishing paper mills keep it rolling along nicely today.



The Houdini Classic, named for a local boy, wheels down College, the main drag.

was once badly polluted, but a new state-of-the-art municipal waste-treatment plant made the water acceptable for swimming and fishing. Almost any morning in the spring and summer, fishermen, rods in hand, can be found hovering at the edge of the river, trying to land the walleyes, white perch and white bass that inhabit the waters.

Six miles outside of Appleton, in Nee-nah, the Fox flows north from Lake Winnebago, "the nation's largest freshwater lake contained within one state," as residents will tell you almost liturgically. On a warm, summer Sunday, Winnebago may host a walleye tournament, a sailing regatta and a powerboat race more or less at once. On a recent day, Harold Lovdahl, a 69-year-old sports enthusiast who has lived in Appleton for 40 years, was spotted on the shore rigging the sail on a sailboard. "Tried just about everything

else," he said. "So thought I'd give this a go." He did, too.

Today, the main focus of Appleton is not the Fox, but College Avenue, the town's main street in every sense of the word. Take College west all the way to the Outagamie County Airport; take College east all the way out of town until it turns into County Road CE. Cruise College at night when there's nothing else to do. Close College to traffic on a summer afternoon and hold a sidewalk sale. Fight for a spot on College during the Flag Day parade, said to be the largest in America. Step out onto College on a Sunday night at 10 o'clock, when it is quiet, and you may hear a train whistle blowing in the distance.

College is the home of Lawrence University, an impossibly placid-looking institution of great lawns and classical buildings on the east side of town. The second coeducational university in the nation, Lawrence would probably still be

quite acceptable today to Amos Lawrence, the proper Bostonian who founded it in 1847 and who gave his wife's maiden name to the city that was built around it. Playing an NCAA Division III football schedule against schools like Ripon and St. Norbert, the Lawrence Vikings were 7-2 last season. On a crisp, clear autumn Saturday, the thing to do is sit on the hill overlooking Lawrence's exquisitely manicured Banta Bowl and wash down a couple of bratwursts with some Old Style beer. The football score will become almost irrelevant.

The city has two outstanding hospitals, and schools that consistently rank among the best in Wisconsin. Yet College Avenue seems locked in a '50s time warp. Family businesses dominate: Holz Sewing and Fabric Center, Kafura Electric, E.W. Shannon Office Supply Co., Scanlan Jewelers, Heid Music Co., Moderson Paint & Supply Co. The presence of three battling formal-wear stores on

continued

College alone confirms that those little milestones of life, weddings and proms, go on and on in Appleton.

Yet, it's 1986 on and around College Avenue, too. Exotic World News, a high-minded name for an adult bookstore, has moved onto the 500 block of College. A mile north, Caesar's Retreat has changed its designation from "massage parlor" to "sex counseling clinic," in deference to city ordinances. Jams, skateboards and some mellow-looking punks are visible downtown, too, often hanging around a town square dedicated to a local kid who went into show business and made it big: Ehrich Weiss, otherwise known as Houdini.



BILL EPPIDGE



BILL EPPIDGE

Appleton proper spills out unobtrusively in all directions from College Ave. The city planning seems impeccable, with a well-maintained park or playground in almost every neighborhood. The homes themselves are remarkably unremarkable, mostly single dwellings with manicured lawns, trimmed hedges, smooth sidewalks, basketball hoops over the garage doors. Decent, unassuming, middle class.

Appletonians are largely of German and Dutch origin, the descendants of 19th century immigrants. It was those sturdy ancestors who instilled a love of beer and bratwurst and sports in today's townsfolk. Many of these hard-playing Germans also labored in the paper mills that lined the Fox River. There are about 20 paper companies in the area now, with mills ranging in size from Neenah's huge Kimberly-Clark facilities to the George A. Whiting Paper Co. in Menasha, known as the world's smallest paper company. If College Avenue is the heart of Appleton, then the mills are its soul.

Like their ancestors, the people of Appleton play as hard as they work. "People are active, participating, enjoying nature," says Larry Dawson, manager of the Appleton Foxes, the local Class A baseball team (page 38). "It's the Wisconsin in everybody." Dawson delivers this thought as a lament—the active nature of Appletonians keeps them away from Foxes games in droves. Even the grueling Wisconsin winter apparently doesn't drive the locals indoors and turn them into mere spectators. The Wisconsin Flyers of the Continental Basketball Association, based in Neenah, drew so poorly last year that they'll play next season's home games elsewhere.

One of Dawson's problems is that there's just too much for the local people to do. The Fox Cities have 13 golf courses, eight public, and the area ranks fourth in the nation in bowling lanes per capita (two gutters for every 540 citizens). Feel like pitching some horseshoes? In the village of Combined Locks, smallest of the Fox Cities (pop. 2,500), you can pull up to Jerry Kamps Kovered Kourts, dip inside for a 40-cent draft and

come back out for a game on one of Kamps' gooey blue clay courts.

How about a workout? The sign outside the Appleton YMCA says 7,502 MEMBERS, and it is assuredly one of the best-equipped Y's in the country: three gyms with five courts for basketball and volleyball, an indoor track, seven handball courts, two fitness centers, weights and Nautilus equipment, and three pools. And there aren't many better corporate health facilities than Kimberly-Clark's \$2.5 million jewel in Neenah.

For the outdoorsman, there is good deer hunting in the woods of Waushara County west of Appleton, and trout fishing in the Mekan River to the southwest and Emmons and Radley creeks to the west. Even on the coldest days of January, when the mean temperature is about 16°, ice fishermen pull northern pike from Shawano Lake or spear sturgeon on Winnebago. Such hardiness might have something to do with the fact that Wisconsin, with just 2% of the nation's population, consumes 20% of its brandy.

There is an order to sport in Appleton. Dave Vercauteren, 17, says he began organized tee ball when he was four years old; he just finished four years on the baseball team at nearby Freedom High. Jim Retza, 14, says he started playing Pop Warner football in the sixth grade; this year he'll be playing football at Wilson Junior High in Appleton. "Sports is just something everybody grows up doing," says Retza. "Everybody gets involved in something."

No wonder. Appleton sponsors youth programs in at least a dozen assorted sports, from archery to weightlifting, from badminton to flag football and ice hockey. About 1,500 kids play organized soccer, 2,426 are in the city's baseball program and another 630 are Little Leaguers. Much of the summer action in Appleton takes place at Memorial Park, a 138-acre spread that includes one baseball and five softball diamonds, each with dirt infield and grass outfield, each enclosed by its own tidy cyclone fence. From Sunday through Thursday, there are five games per night on each of the five softball fields and five at a Telulah Park diamond, two miles away. Some 4,000 men and women suit up on Appleton's 270 softball teams every week, and many of those who don't, come out to cheer for a dad or an aunt or a spouse.

Bratwurst and beer are part of Appleton's heritage. So is Joe McCarthy, whose bust stands in the Outagamie Courthouse.



Six lighted diamonds make Memorial Park a gem of a place to play on summer nights.

And they care. My, how they care. One evening this summer, as the 6:30 players made way for the 7:30 shift, a young couple was seen slowly walking back to their car, he in his uniform, carrying a bat, she looking as if she might give birth any minute. The woman, about 20, was a real sport just to be out there watching him play. But her husband's team had lost, and he seemed rather melancholy. They walked along in silence until she finally said, matter-of-factly, "You were safe at second." He thought about that for a moment, then replied, "Yeah, well, that happens sometimes. They played good ball."

In fact, as Charlie Pond says, "Appleton is about as good a baseball community as they have in this state." Pond likes it that way since he owns Pond Sport Shop, located in the same spot on College Avenue where his father opened the store in 1932. Appleton softball players take great care with what they wear, and they go for the works—matching uniforms, batting gloves, cleats, flip-down sunglasses and, sometimes, even eye black. "The feeling around here is that if a team looks profes-

sional, it plays better," says Pond, a large part of whose annual sales come from softball haberdashery. Pond sells 20 to 25 sets of uniforms and 200 to 300 baseball gloves a year, and has one of the great in-stock mitt supplies in the nation. It is an olfactory treat just to walk into Pond's.

Many years ago, in what seems like a scene out of a Doctorow novel, Ferber, then a young reporter for the Appleton *Daily Crescent*, interviewed Houdini, the returning hometown hero. Wouldn't it be nice to get them together again? They could stroll down College and visit Houdini Plaza with its sculpture entitled *Metamorphosis*, named for the famous Houdini trick; order a fish fry at Trim B's on South Walnut; browse through the shelves at the public library, just named one of the nation's best. Chances are Edna and Harry would have gone home happy and tired and just a little proud of Appleton.

No, everything's not perfect in Appleton. A bronze bust of McCarthy greets visitors to the county courthouse, and a recent suggestion to move it was hooted down in *The Post-Crescent's* letters column. The spirit of Tail Gunner Joe lives on here, the nation's grim memories of

blacklists and witch hunts notwithstanding. Appleton is hardly in the forefront of enlightened race relations, either. To many Appletonians, blacks are still "coloreds," and the Hmong, a group of about 1,650 Laotian refugees living in the area, are treated almost as if they weren't there. "It's a good place to be paranoid," says Bob Lowe, who isn't.

Things aren't always smooth in sports, either. There has been grumbling that Mayor Johnson is anti-sports, for example, mainly because she is tight with funds for new playing fields and charges stiff users' fees for the ones that exist. "They don't come to me anymore and say, 'Government, give us money,'" she says with pride. "If you want to play in a league, you have to pay for it."

So they do. In May, for instance, the local Little League raised \$13,566 in a week by selling 1,000 cases of candy.

Such resourcefulness in a place like Appleton shouldn't be surprising. Jack Grafmeier, who was responsible for bringing the World Fastpitch Softball Tournament to the Fox Valley last year, sums it up when he says, "Show me a town that's dead in sports, and I'll show you a dead town."

CONTINUED



Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, to Goodland Field, home of the Appleton Foxes of the Class A Midwest League. It's July 26, 1986, a beautiful day, Old-Timers' Day and Miller Beer Seat Cushion Day.

Now this affair isn't quite as star-studded as the antique shows up in the majors, but the feeling here is hard to beat. The biggest name, literally and figura-

tively, is Bill Gogolewski. Bill, who hails from Oshkosh and pitched six years in the bigs, is examining the Heinie Groh model glove used by Carl (Cully) Schultz when he played third base for the Appleton Papermakers back in the '20s. "Why, this is no bigger than my hand," says Bill, who is right about that, although he does have unusually large hands.

Schultz, 84 and a retired farmer, goes to the mound to throw out the first ball to

Smiley Nicadam, the Papermaker catcher in '29. Nice toss, Cully. Wait, he throws a second ball. And a third. And a fourth. He's getting into it now. Finally, announcer Bob Lloyd tells the fans, "This is really the first ball," and Schultz uncorks a beauty. He is lifted, at last.

They play a game, the old Foxes against the old Papermakers. Captaining the Papermakers is Kevin Bell, the only old-timer besides Gogolewski to have

HEARTS ON THE DIAMOND



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY LODRIGUSS

made The Show. Bell spent all or parts of six seasons in the majors, playing mostly third, mostly for the White Sox. He was a Fox in '74 and '75, and he married a fox from nearby Little Chute, Bonnie Bongers. "A couple of years ago, we were living in Arizona," says Bell, "when we thought, What better place to raise our two girls than Appleton?" Many of the ballplayers have much the same story: They came to Appleton, met a girl and

Folks in Appleton have a major thing going with the minor league Foxes by STEVE WULF



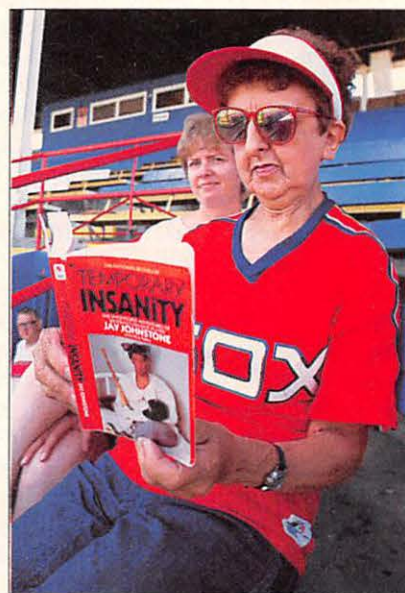
Some fans like to collect Fox souvenirs; MacFarland (right) is crazy for the Foxes.

settled there. Bell now drives a truck for Schmidt Oil, and on this day he drives in a couple of runs as his team wins 5-2.

While the game is going on, the present-day Foxes are sitting in the bleachers, looking at their futures. Maybe some of them will marry Appleton girls and join the community. Maybe some of them will make The Show. When the announcer says, by way of introducing Larry Connell, "Larry, you may recall, pitched a no-hitter for Appleton back in 1965 [actually, Connell threw a one-hitter]," the current Foxes kid pitcher John Stein, who had a no-hitter earlier this season. "That's what you'll be like in 20 years," says one. "You remember John Stein. He threw a no-hitter back in '86."

Flitting around, taking snapshots, is Patti McFarland. She looks a little like Margaret Hamilton, but she's actually the Good Witch of the North, baking birthday cakes for hundreds of Foxes, hardly ever missing a game. McFarland knew Earl Weaver when he managed and played second for Fox Cities, which is what the club was called until 1967, just as she knows the current manager, Rico Petrocelli. She remembers the time Dean Chance came back from a carnival with a car full of stuffed animals he won throwing baseballs. She held Cal Ripken Sr.'s infant son in her arms and went to Kevin and Bonnie Bell's wedding. She carries special places in her heart for so many Foxes that you would think she had no more room in there. But she has.

A seat in the grandstand behind home plate affords a goodly view of Goodland Field.



Appleton is a special place for minor league baseball. Oh, attendance is down this year, and the current club isn't doing very well—it lost a game 25-10 the other night. But its history, dating back to 1891, is rich with players and managers who went on to bigger things. In 1960 when Fox Cities was in the Three I League—why the heck a town in a W State was in the Three I League is a question best left to the ages—the parent Baltimore Orioles sent Weaver in with a club that included Chance, Boog Powell, Pete Ward and four other guys who made the majors. They won the Three I pennant by 10½ games. Weaver's trainer then is still his trainer, Ralph Salvon; his catcher was Cal Ripken. Sitting in the Goodland stands that summer was Vi Ripken, great with child. The child was, yes, Cal Ripken Jr.

The White Sox took over the Appleton franchise in 1966, and their very first

continued

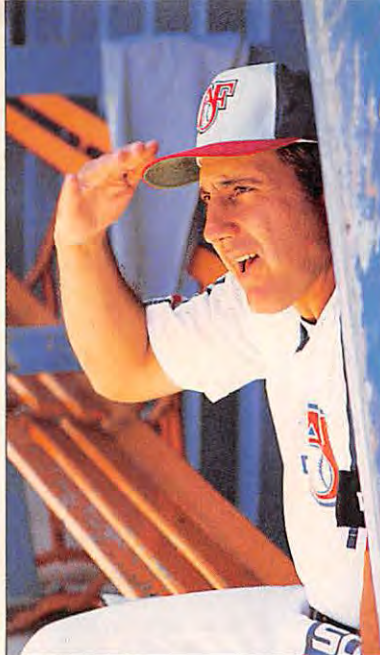
FOXES *continued*

club had eight guys who made the majors. In 1970 Fox players Bucky Dent, Rich Gossage and Terry Forster roomed together. In all, four Cy Young Award winners (Chance, Sparky Lyle, Pete Vuckovich and LaMarr Hoyt) and two MVPs (Zoilo Versalles and Powell) have graced Appleton. "It's no coincidence that so many players have come out of there," says Roland Hemond, the former general manager of the White Sox and now an assistant to the baseball commissioner. "The town is so nice, and the people so friendly, that the players can grow without feeling homesick or lost."

One of the joys of rooting for a minor league team is the opportunity to watch a player grow, to track his progress as if he were your own child and you were marking his height on the wall. If you're an Appleton fan, you can read the big league box scores and take special pride in Harold Baines's heroics or feel bad because Steve Trout got shelled last night. They were Foxes once.

But that pleasure may be in peril in Appleton. The White Sox are pulling out after this season, moving their Midwest League affiliation to a new club in South Bend, Ind. Nothing against Appleton, mind you, but the fellows in the front office think that by putting a minor league team in a city only two hours away, they can attract more customers to Comiskey Park and get more people in South Bend to subscribe to White Sox games on cable. So now the Appleton Foxes brass has to scramble around for another patron.

The Foxes are not all that mad at the White Sox. "They've been very good to us for 21 years," says club vice-president Milt Drier. And vice versa. Appleton is generally acknowledged to be the best



The gleam is back in Petrocelli's eye.

town in the Midwest League, and it should have little trouble attracting another club.

One of the charms of baseball in Appleton is Goodland Field, which sounds like something Garrison Keillor made up. The name is certainly fitting, though the ballpark was actually named for former Appleton mayor John Goodland. The field is one of the best in the league. Shrubs and trees fringe the park, and the brick grandstand at Spencer and South Outagamie streets is a classic. You can always get good seats behind home plate, although on a warm summer evening the bleachers behind the home dugout are the best place to sit. Popcorn is 50 cents, beer is \$1 and a cheese brat is \$1.25.

Another nice thing about the club is that it's publicly owned. For \$5, anyone can buy a voting share of stock in the Foxes. The club is governed by its officers and a board of directors, who hire a general manager. Larry Dawson, who

once worked on the Goodland Field grounds crew, now runs the club. His predecessor, Bill Smith, left last March to take a job in the Minnesota Twins farm department. Smith not only gained invaluable experience from Appleton, but also a wife, Milt Drier's daughter Becky.

Attendance is off slightly from last year, when the team drew 76,860, or 1,147 per date. But this club isn't as good as last year's, which had the best regular-season record in the league. In 1986 the Foxes are third in their four-team division, 45-64, 23 games behind the first-place Madison Muskies. The big reason for their decline is the White Sox's decision to stock their other Class A club, in Peninsula, Va., with the better prospects. The Foxes have improved, though, since Petrocelli took over the team in mid-June. Their first manager was Duke Sims, but when Tom Haller was promoted from Double A manager at Birmingham to Chicago general manager, everybody below him moved up one spot. Petrocelli, who was a roving infield instructor in the White Sox farm system, decided to try managing.

Petrocelli played short and third in Boston for 13 years but had been out of uniform nine years when White Sox VP Ken Harrelson called him at his Lynnfield, Mass., cleaning service last winter. "I didn't think I missed it," says Petrocelli, "until I went to this dinner for Jim Nance, the old Patriot fullback who had had a stroke a few years ago. I felt the camaraderie again, and I realized that I wanted to get back into baseball."

Sims was, to put it politely, overbearing. He would fine players for petty offenses. Petrocelli, on the other hand, is a gentle, fatherly figure, sort of like Perry Como. When the Appleton second baseman, Billy Eveline, returned to the team after a family tragedy, Petrocelli took him aside and offered him understanding. "We love playing for Rico," says infielder Tim Haller, son of Tom. And Petrocelli loves what he's doing. "He's got a gleam in his eye," says his wife, Elsie, "that I haven't seen for nine years."

The 1986 Foxes may not have the talent of the '60 Foxes, but they're an interesting club, nonetheless. Mark Davis, the leftfielder and brother of Oakland's Mike

continued



Davis, shown beating a throw back to first, hopes to join his brother soon in The Show.



The Acura Integra sports sedan offers a new dimension in sophisticated performance, from a new division of American Honda. Exclusively at Acura dealers.

The Acura Integra. Built to move out. With room to move in.

Growing up no longer has to mean the foregoing of certain rewards.

Like the adrenalin rush of spirited performance.

Because the five door Integra sports sedan was engineered around the adult need for room and comfort. Without forgetting what it takes to turn the serious driver on.

Consider the exhilaration of a fuel injected dual overhead cam 16-valve engine, descended from Honda Formula 1 racing.

Or the athletic agility of sophisticated suspension.

All complemented by a rigid body, wide track and long wheelbase for solid, smooth stability.

As well as a front wheel

drive design that reduces torque steer.

Inside, there is room and comfort for five. And a cockpit dedicated to the driver's need for concentration and control.

An aerodynamic hood-

line and a generous flush mounted glass area provide sweeping vision, and turn the volume down on wind noise.

Analog instruments are situated for easy reading at highway speeds.

And the list of standard features reads as impressively as this automobile's performance pedigree.

Discover how moving adulthood can be. Call 1-800-TO-ACURA for the dealer nearest you.

ACURA
PRECISION CRAFTED AUTOMOBILES
A division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

Marlboro

A man wearing a white cowboy hat and a red long-sleeved shirt is riding a dark brown horse. He is holding a lasso in his left hand and has a cigarette in his mouth. The horse is walking on a rocky, uneven path. In the background, there is another dark brown horse standing still. The landscape is arid, with dry grass, shrubs, and a few trees under a cloudy sky.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

Kings & 100's Soft: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb '85—100's Box 11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Lights

The spirit of Marlboro
in a low tar cigarette.



Also available in Flip-Top box.

SEAGRAM'S GIN.

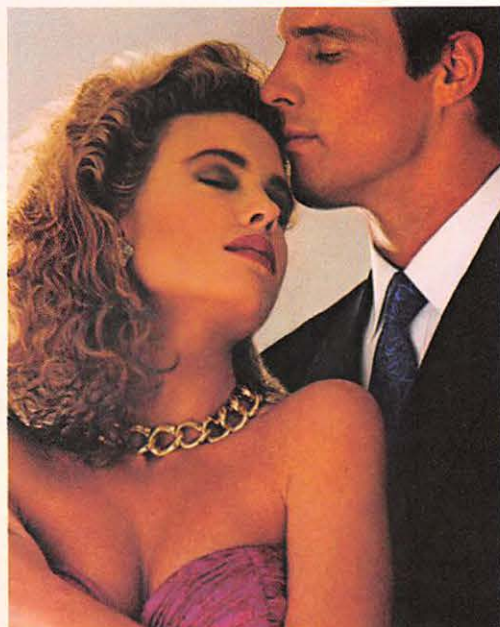


"They say it's the number one gin in America.

They say it tastes excitingly different.

They say it's the only gin that's mellowed."

"They also say you should drink it with someone you know very well."



Everything they say...is true.
SEAGRAM'S. AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE GIN.

Davis, just graduated from Stanford with a degree in economics, which undoubtedly helps him live on his \$700-a-month salary. Stein, the no-hit pitcher, is the ace of the staff and a Class A version of Steve Carlton. After his no-hitter he refused to talk to Gary Shriver of the Appleton *Post-Crescent* because of what he viewed as negative coverage of the team.

Three Foxes made the North Division All-Star team: relief pitchers John Boling and Dave Reynolds and catcher Eric Milholland. Boling was recently cited in *Baseball America* as having the best pickoff move in the Midwest League, which came as something of a surprise to him. "I haven't picked anyone off all year," Boling says. Reynolds, a Horneresque Texan, is a converted third baseman who didn't know he was a pitcher until the White Sox told him so this spring. Milholland guns down opposing baserunners with regularity.

The class clown is Tim Haller, whose pride in his voice elicited a dare from teammates that he sing the national anthem. Outfielder-first baseman-pitcher Ron Scruggs, the home run leader on the team, also has a touch of whimsy. "When they told me they were sending me to Appleton," says Californian Scruggs, "I

said, 'Where's that?' They said, 'Wisconsin.' I said, 'Where's *that*?' "

The one shared ambition among the Foxes is making the majors. "The other night the bus took us past County Stadium in Milwaukee," says Petrocelli. "The lights were on in the park, and you could just feel the excitement in the bus."

On Friday evening, July 25, the Foxes face a twi-nighter with the first-place Muskies. It is also the night Haller will make his singing debut. Before the game, he says, "The key is in the 'O.' Once I get that good rich 'O' I'll be all right."

He steps to the mike. "O, say . . ." Uh oh. The O isn't as deep as he wanted. But wait, he's righted himself. "... what so proudly we hailed . . ." He does have a nice voice. "... at the twilight's last gleaming. . . . The rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air. . . ." Haller stops, realizing he's pulled a Robert Goulet and forgotten the words. Embarrassed, he throws up his hands and walks away. The crowd feels a little bad for him, and so do his teammates, although soon enough they're kidding him about it. Haller vows to get back on the horse soon.

The first game is an 8-1 rout by the Muskies, whose star is Ozzie Canseco, twin brother of A's sensation Jose. He swipes at a pitch and sends it over the fence in right center for a grand slam.

The second game is much more exciting. The Foxes take a 1-0 lead on a home run by Luis Salazar, the White Sox third baseman who is rehabilitating his knee in Appleton. The Muskies tie it up in the fourth. In the fifth, McFarland shows up, out of breath. She just got off her shift in the lingerie department at the Prange-Way discount store. No wonder Drier says, "The Foxes are in business not because of me, and not because of the White Sox. We play because of Patti McFarland and people like her."

A few fans are chanting "Smoke those fish! Smoke those fish!"—a reference to the Muskies. In the bottom of the seventh—which is the last inning in a minor league doubleheader—Appleton loads the bases with no outs. Davis singles through the drawn-in infield, and the Foxes win 2-1. By a quirk of fate, both games have been won by brothers of Oakland A's outfielders.

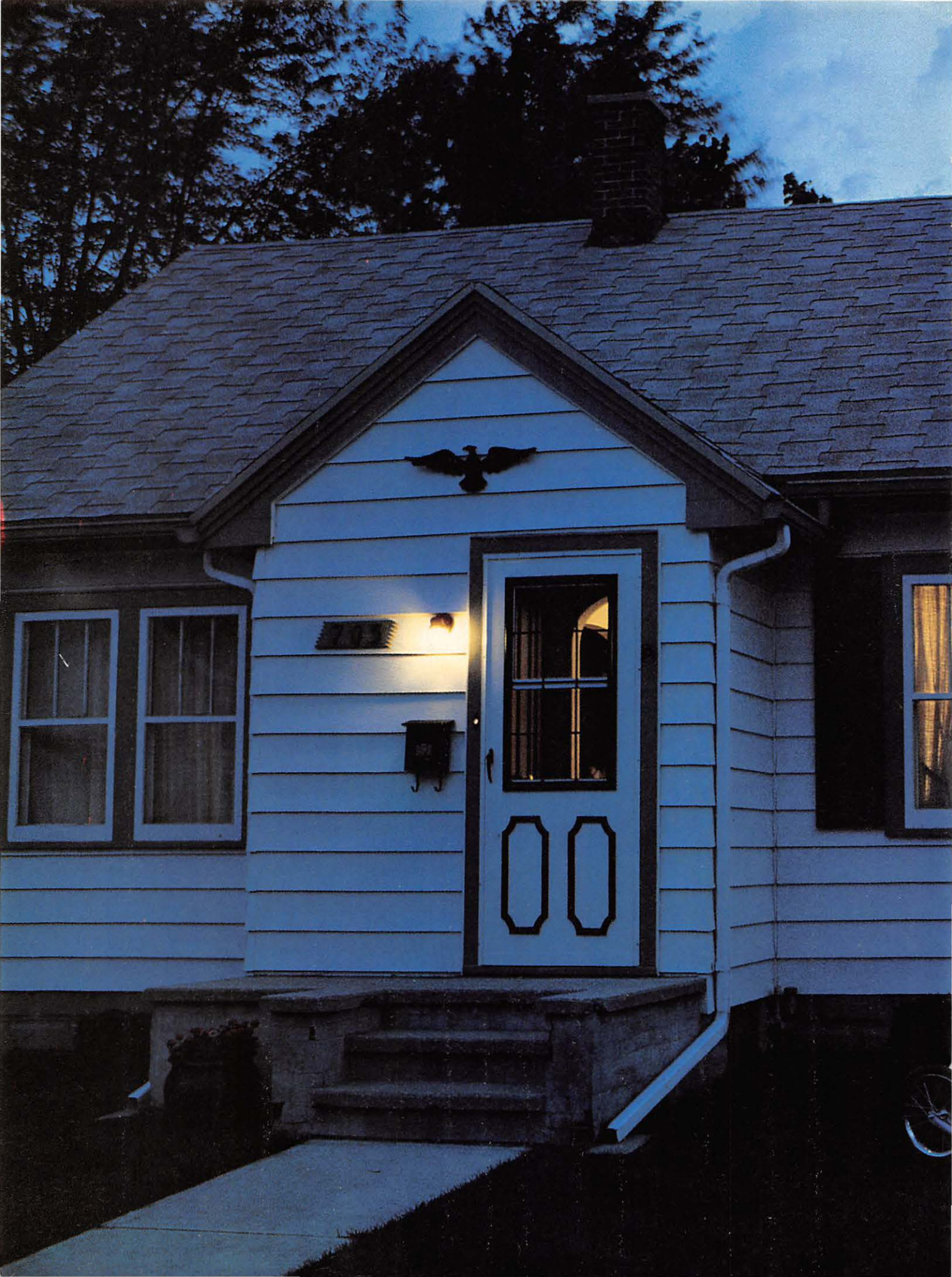
As the players converge to congratulate one another and the fans cheer, you look at their smiling faces, wondering which ones will make it to the majors. You smile back, not only because you're happy they won, but also because you're happy they have a place like Appleton.

By the way, two days later Tim Haller tried the national anthem again, in front of his parents yet. He made it.

CONTINUED

Between games of a doubleheader, Boling stole away to bask in an Appleton sunset.

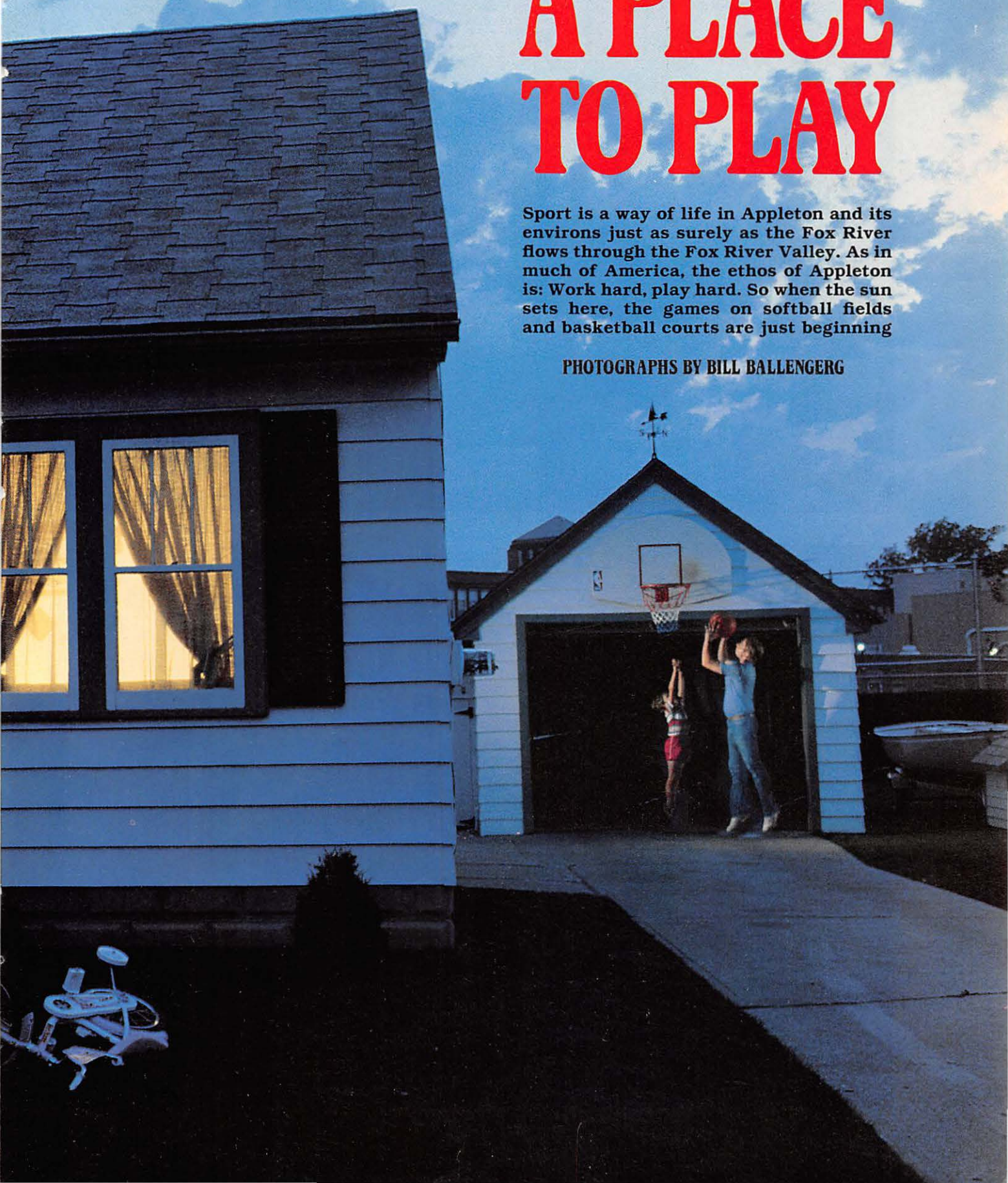




A PLACE TO PLAY

Sport is a way of life in Appleton and its environs just as surely as the Fox River flows through the Fox River Valley. As in much of America, the ethos of Appleton is: Work hard, play hard. So when the sun sets here, the games on softball fields and basketball courts are just beginning

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL BALLENGERG







■ Pat's Tap fields one of the 270 softball teams that suit up in Appleton each week. And if softball doesn't suit you, there's always block-party volleyball and spearfishing in the Fox River locks.



■ There's no vacation from cheerleading for the Kaukauna High squad as it keeps in fighting form at a Lawrence University summer camp.





■ The games people play along the Fox aren't all blood-and-guts affairs. It's no sweat if you choose to pitch horseshoes, float in a pool on the family farm or ride a bike down a country road.





■ Keeping second base free of dirt ensures that softball at Harrison Field is just good clean fun.



GROWING UP AT THE END OF THE EARTH

For one SI writer it took years of urban living and a trip back to the Fox Cities to learn to love her hometown

by JILL LIEBER

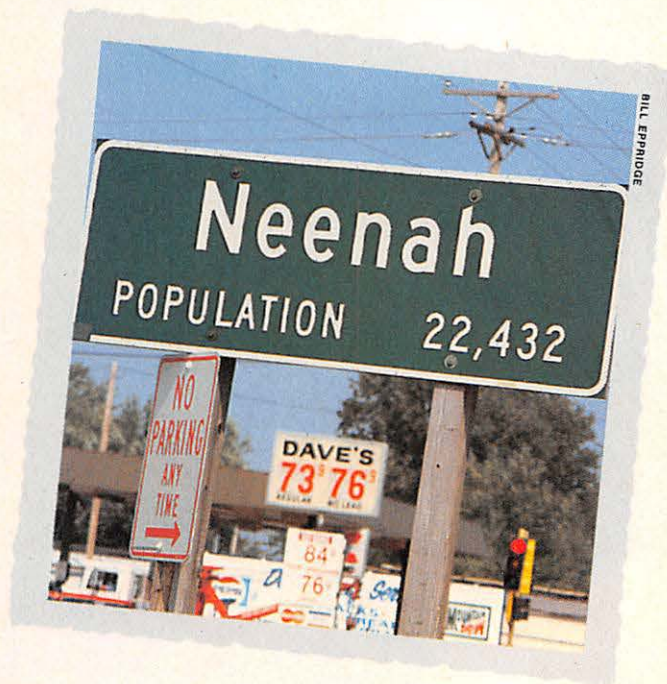


I used to tell people I was from California. L.A., San Francisco. It didn't matter. California seemed like the place to be from.

I did everything I could to keep from admitting I was from a small town in the middle of nowhere—Neenah, Wis.—a town best known for toilet paper (Kimberly-Clark Corp.) and manhole covers (Neenah Foundry). A place where stretch pants are the rage, bratwurst is considered fine cuisine and bowling is the sport of choice, the one everyone does. Everyone but me.

Just five miles from Appleton, Neenah is nestled on the northwestern shore of Lake Winnebago. In fact, Neenah is a Winnebago Indian word that means running water. For a long time, to me it meant the end of the earth.

My father, Bill, is a true Neenahite. One of the few. Born there, raised there. He has never left. He and my mother, Paula, who comes from White Plains, N.Y., and moved

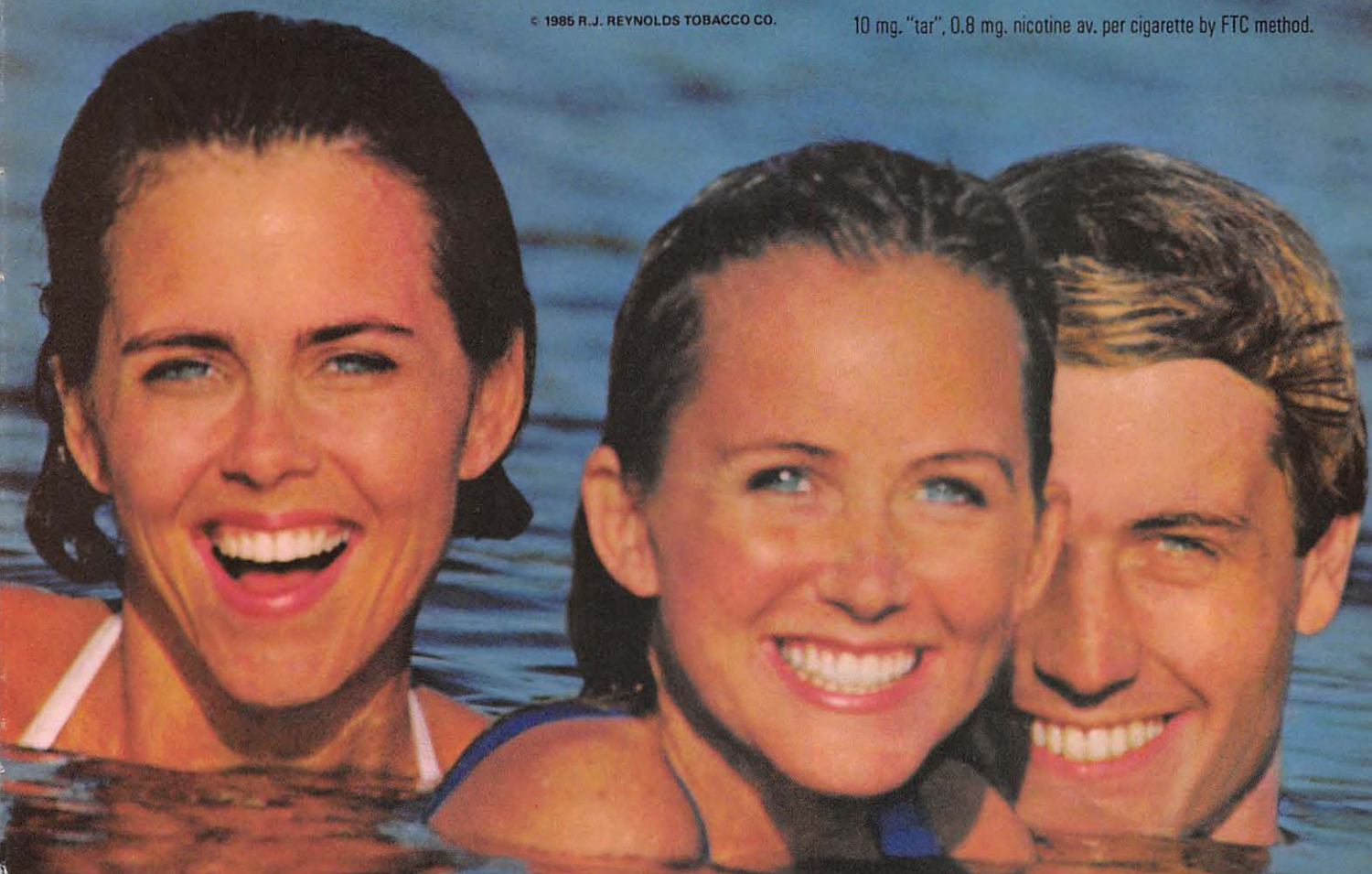


to Neenah when she was 15, met as sophomores at Neenah High. They've been together ever since, married 34 years.

My Fox River Valley ties go back to the late 1800s when my great-grandfather, William Brown, a carpenter, built the columns that still stand in front of Main Hall at Lawrence University in Appleton. In 1929 my grandfather, Otto Lieber, founded Lieber Lumber Co., and in the 1960s the family business grew to five lumberyards in the Fox Valley area. I started working at the Neenah yard when I was in third grade; I knew what a 2×4 was before I had ever heard of a touchdown.

This summer, having lived in New York City for five years, I went back to visit all the old hometown hot spots. I went to the Dairy Queen, where my girlfriends and I used to cruise for high school jocks. I went to Kimberly Point, a lighthouse overlooking Lake Winnebago near Riverside Park, where my pals and I spied on couples in parked cars. I

continued



You've got what it takes.
Salem Spirit

*Share the spirit.
Share the refreshment.*

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.



Buckle up — for life!



THE \$6,189* ISUZU P'UP. BECAUSE NOT EVERYONE FITS INTO A JAPANESE SUBCOMPACT.

At Isuzu, we don't think it's enough to build some of the world's most affordable, economical and comfortable automobiles. We also build an alternative.

Our P'UP pickup.

A vehicle that does everything the average Japanese subcompact car does. But without being average.

For starters, consider price. At \$6189,* it's not only the lowest priced Japanese truck,[†] it's also priced about \$3,000 lower than the average price of a Japanese import car.**

Or consider the economy. The EPA rates it at 25 MPG City and 31 Highway.^{††} A figure that a lot of economy cars have trouble matching.

Or consider the comfort. This Isuzu P'UP gives you more leg, head and shoulder room than the front seat of a luxurious subcompact like the Mercedes 190E.

Of course, if you pick our pickup, you will have to give up something. A back seat.

Instead there'll be room for the occasional refrigerator, dirt bike or antique dresser.

As well as room for something far more important. A chance to express your individuality.



*Mfg.'s suggested retail price P.O.E., excl., tax, license, transp. fee, and optional equip. Price subject to change. †Based on prices 7/1/86. **1986 Kelley New Car Price Manual, 3rd Ed. †† Use estimated EPA figures for comparison. Your mileage may vary. Actual hwy. mileage will probably be less. CA ests. lower.

THE FIRST CAR BUILDERS OF JAPAN.

ISUZU

drove through downtown Neenah with its colorful new awnings over the 100-year-old buildings, past the lone stoplight, and wound around the main street route I had marched as both Brownie and Girl Scout in countless Memorial Day parades.

It all made me wonder, suddenly, what it was that I never liked about Neenah. There didn't seem, now, to be anything wrong with the town at all. It's such an easy place to live—safe and clean and simple. The attitude is: If I get there, I get there. If not, there's always tomorrow. Or the day after that.

I drove past Taft Elementary School and Conant Junior High, where cows grazed outside the windows during English class. I played so hard in those days, one game after another. Double Dutch, jingle jump, kickball, basketball, softball, tennis, hopscotch, jacks and kick the can.

Summer weekends were the best. My family went to a cottage in northern Wisconsin, to a burg called Townsend (pop. 752), a two-hour drive from Neenah. I swam and sailed through lily pads, fished for perch, hunted for painted turtles, learned to skip stones over the water, picked wild strawberries, climbed the Carter Lookout Tower in Nicolet National Forest, visited the trout farm in Mountain and the cheese factory in Suring, ate my way through the Wabeno pancake festivals and by campfire light learned about the constellations. On Saturday nights we would drive to the Townsend dump, park our car, roll up the windows and watch black bears scrounge through the garbage.

I tackled the Wisconsin winters head-on. Tobogganing at Appleton's Plamann Park, cross-country skiing on the golf course at nearby Butte Des Morts Golf Club, ice fishing for sturgeon off Waverly Beach, skating on the frozen parking lot of Park 'N' Market grocery store and sledding at Fritse Park in Menasha, barreling down the hills where the Winnebago Indians are buried.

Junior year in high school I signed up for the track team and began running six miles a day around and around Plum-



mer Court, the street where I lived. Joe Kohl, the garbage man, would honk as he passed in his orange truck; the policemen would sound their sirens when they saw me coming. In the field at St. Gabriel Catholic Church, which backed up to our block, I practiced shot put and hurling the discus. I finished fourth in a Fox Valley Association meet in the discus (132 feet).

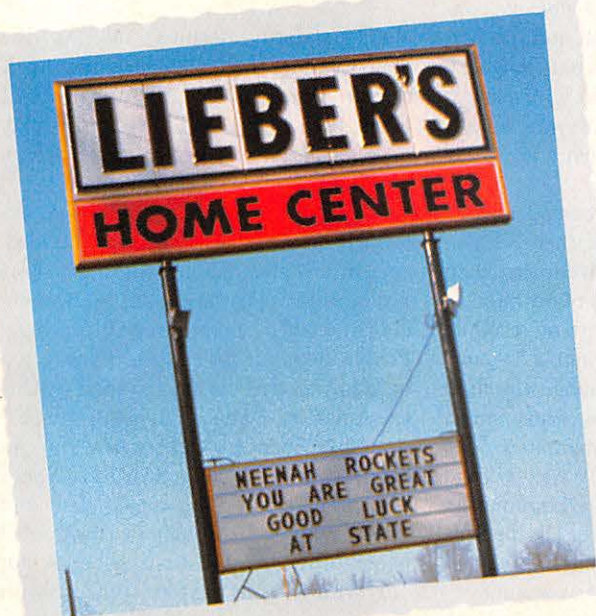
I was also a volleyball and wrestling cheerleader. Mat Mates, we were called, and we came in all shapes and sizes, just like the guys on the wrestling team. Most of our cheering was done sitting crosslegged on the floor and slapping out variations of Pin Your Man, Takedown and Be Aggressive. We did, however, do occasional acrobatics. (My brother, Bill, says there are still dents in the front yard where we practiced jumps.)

The city of Neenah lived for high school basketball games, and so did I. Every Friday and Saturday night the Armstrong High School fieldhouse was packed to the rafters with screaming fans of all ages, from babies to grandmas. It was—and still is—the social event of the winter. Most car windows bore the sticker NEENAH WITH PRIDE.

Since 1969 the Neenah Rockets have qualified for the state tournament in Madison nine times, winning the title in 1975 and 1978. But regardless of how they finished, when the players returned home from Madison they were paraded through town on fire trucks, while people dressed in red and white lined the streets.

I miss that small-town spirit, the community feeling of knowing every face and every name that goes with it. And having everybody know me. I miss the matside seat at the wrestling matches, the camaraderie of Rockets games and, yes, even those trips to the Townsend dump.

More than anything, though, I miss barbecues. You can invite me over for bratwurst anytime. I'll wear my stretch pants. And after dinner we can go bowl a few games. What the heck, I'm from Neenah.

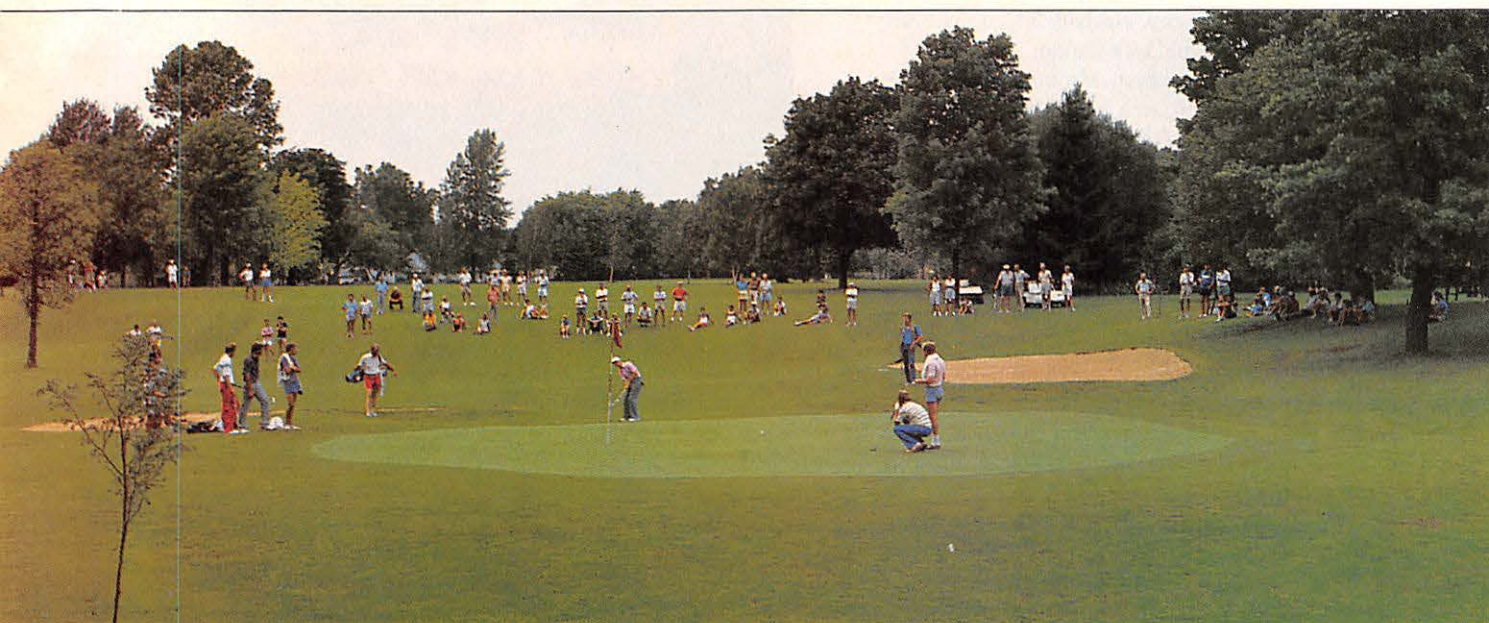


CONTINUED

AMATEURS IN EVERY WAY

During Appleton's very own golf championship, it was the worst of golf, but it was the best of times

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY



Amid a crescendo of popping beer cans in the clubhouse of Appleton's Reid Municipal Golf Course the other evening, local schoolteacher Sam Glantzow, 32, was in high spirits. "I am an amateur," he said—pop, fizz—"in the worst sense of the word."

Well, certainly he was a candidate. Glantzow, who teaches band at the high school in Stockbridge, 15 miles south of Appleton, had put together rounds of 109 and 103 for a 212 in the Fox Cities Amateur Golf Tournament. In truth, the amateur in the worst sense of the word was another schoolteacher, Bill Flynn, 54, of Kaukauna who had rounds of 107 and 111 for a 218, 76 over par.

But that is hardly the point at the Fox Cities Amateur, which attracted most of the best players from Waupaca to Oshkosh for the Saturday-Sunday event two weeks ago. This wonderful tournament,

in which many of the players threaten to shoot their ZIP codes, is a glorious confluence of the worst of golf and the best of times. Eat your heart out, Augusta. This is a tournament filled with players who are certain that a bad day on the golf course is still far better than a great day anywhere else.

So, Bill Flynn, what seemed to give you the most trouble out there? Flynn considers his many misadventures, then says, "Taking the clubs out of my bag."

Laughing loudly, and with no standing to do so, was Steve Brockman, a 33-year-old machinist from Kaukauna, who fired an opening-day 112, the worst single round among the 240 men entered. Says Brockman—pop, fizz—"It was a good thing I putted really well." Disappointing round, huh? "Golf is never disappointing," Brockman replies firmly.

The Fox Cities is played over a municipal course maintained at near private

The undemanding municipal course was challenging enough for most competitors.

club standards despite suffering the abuse of more than 50,000 rounds of golf a year. Put another way, the likes of Glantzow, Flynn and Brockman play here regularly, so the plea to replace all divots takes on special significance.

The course (\$7 for 18 holes) is an extremely easy par 71 with almost no hills, very little water, shallow traps and short distances (a 5,942-yard total). Almost every par 4 and 5 is a legitimate birdie hole. Pebble Beach it isn't. Still, it's way too hard for most of the guys in the Fox Cities Amateur. "This is a great course," says Mike Spencer, 42, "because you can get away with a lot of bad swings." Spencer knows whereof he speaks. Flat and tight, winding through a residential neighborhood, the course resounds not only with screams of "fore" but also with the urgent screams of duffers who have

sliced and hooked and otherwise strayed from the beaten path. "We try to hit it straight," says Toby Tyler, 38, who tied for sixth with a par 142, "and when we don't, we just try again."

The Fox Cities Amateur is the highlight of summer golf in Appleton. The tournament can accept only the first 260 entrants (including 20 women), but tournament director Michael King says he easily could have had 400 players.

The competitors generally dress in Goodwill hand-me-downs—or worse. In fairness, however, it must be pointed out that the winner of the tournament, Troy Sprister, 21, of Appleton, who shot a four-under 138, was resplendent in red knickers. Sprister, who is a college golfer for Ferris State in Big Rapids, Mich., has never considered going out on the pro tour. Now, though, with his one-stroke win in this tournament, "I will have to rethink my future." It's heady stuff when you win the Fox Cities.

The big favorite had been J.P. Hayes, 21, of Appleton, who plays at the University of Texas in El Paso and had won the Wisconsin State Amateur earlier in the week. The pressure to win in his hometown must have gotten to him, though, as he went from a first-round 66 to a second-round 75 and a fourth-place finish. But that's O.K. Hayes is still the biggest name in Wisconsin golf since Bobby Brue, and he is considered better at this stage of his development than was Madison's Andy North. J.P.'s father, John, says of his son's pro chances, "He has the heart for it, but does he have the game?"

The other top spots in the tournament were also dominated by youth. Second place went to Mark Bayer, 18, who was state high school champ last year and is heading for Murray State in Kentucky. He was followed by David Hackworthy, 24, who in 1984 completed a successful collegiate golf career at Iowa State. But the Fox Cities Amateur isn't really for these long-hitting and yip-free youngsters. It's for, well, Bill Flynn.

Or Pete Benson, 39, who is also a Kaukauna schoolteacher. Benson teaches, among other things, driver education, "which keeps my nerves permanently

frayed." He has, nevertheless, won this tournament a record five times, including the inaugural event in 1967 when he was a kid beating the *real* golfers. He won for the fifth time last year. Nobody else has won more than twice.

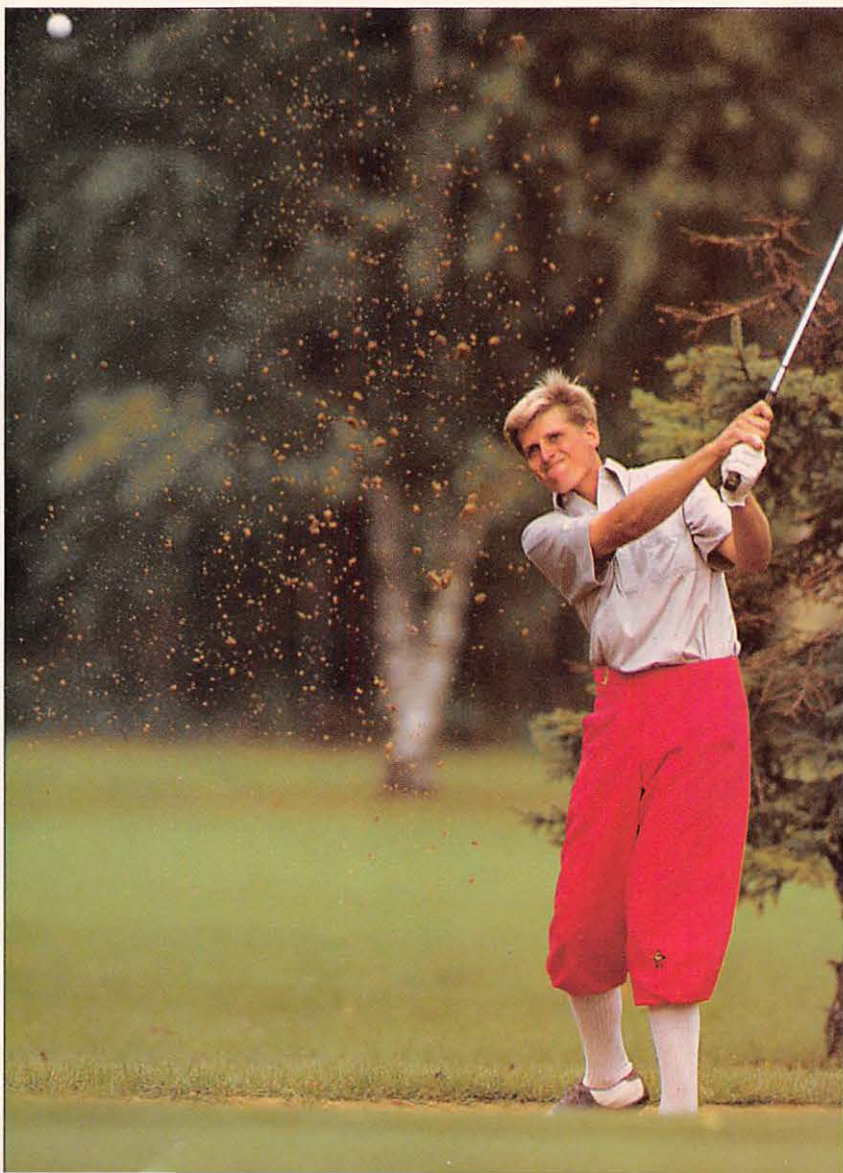
Benson is totally self-deprecating. "Guys like me are a dime a dozen," he says. "I have no illusions about being a great golfer. I'm good in my element." En route to a bloody 75 and 10th place on Sunday, he urged one observer to "call me an ambulance."

Yet Benson epitomizes the spirit of an Appleton amateur golfer. "I love to hit golf balls, that's all," he says. To this end, he regularly goes out behind his school, Electa-Quinney Junior High, with his Toro lawn mower and cuts an area to tee off from. He also trims a spot down there around the big maple. Then, in the ma-

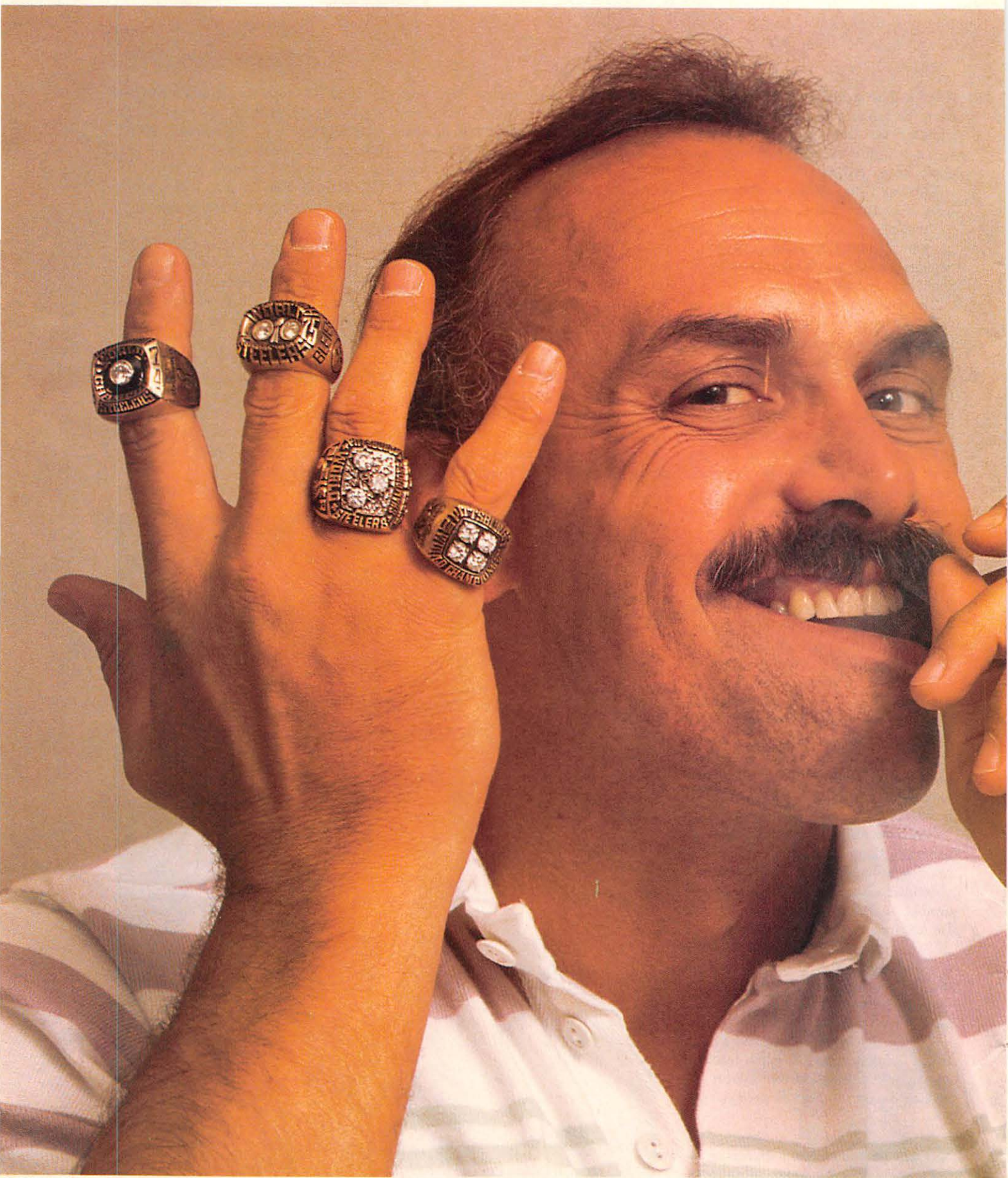
jestic quiet of rural Kaukauna, he swings at golf balls. "I try to hit between the tree and the phone pole," Benson says. Mostly he practices on the school grounds because it costs \$2.35 for a bucket of 55 balls at Reid. But it sure is nice when a Cessna makes lazy circles in the sky while he's hitting.

Though Benson and his fellow local golfers practice hard for the Fox Cities Amateur, the tournament is actually only the runner-up highlight of Appleton's golfing year. The *really* big event occurs when all the guys drink beer for hours out at the golf course, then turn their car lights toward the green of the par-3 17th. One of the fellows puts on a hard hat, goes down and waves a flashlight while tending the flagstick, and everybody takes a swing. Ah, yes—pop, fizz—amateurs just want to have fun.

CONTINUED



Sprister's form made him a winner on the links, as did his eye-catching red knickers.



LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Even before he was an NFL and Vietnam hero, Rocky Bleier was the apple of Appleton's eye

by **RICK TELANDER**



In the Sept. 8, 1969, issue of this magazine, there appeared a "Mileposts" item in the FOR THE RECORD section, sandwiched between the news that Rick Barry had re-signed with the San Francisco Warriors and a notice that TV wrestling shill Fred Kohler (an "early advocate of the Australian tag-team match") had passed away. It read:

***WOUNDED:** Former Notre Dame captain and Pittsburgh Steeler half-back **ROCKY BLEIER**, in the left side and right hip, leg and foot by Vietcong sniper fire and a grenade. Army Private Bleier underwent an operation in Tokyo, and his football career may be over. However, Steeler owner Art Rooney received a letter from Bleier saying he would be able to play again.*

Seventeen years later Rocky Bleier lights a cigarette and gazes down from an Air Wisconsin plane at the farmland below. He had no business writing that letter to Rooney. His Army doctor had said flatly, "Rocky, you won't be able to play

again. It's impossible." Even with a sound body, Bleier had been a marginal NFL running back. The bullet had dug a large chunk of flesh out of his left thigh, and more than 100 pieces of shrapnel had pocked his legs and maimed his right foot, making three of his toes almost useless. A sulfur coating on the shrapnel had caused infection to dot each wound like frosting. He would be lucky to walk properly again, the doctor had said. "Ah, I just disregarded that as soon as he said it," Bleier says now.

He draws deep on the cigarette. He is in the smoking section of this plane over southern Wisconsin, heading back to his hometown of Appleton, and the emerald and gold countryside stirs him. The effluent that pours from his lungs swirls in vivid contrast to the clear blue sky that stretches across the horizon. Bleier started smoking in Vietnam because of "nerves" and has been hooked ever since. His roommate on the Steelers was Jack Lambert, who smoked so much that he had an ashtray bolted to the front of his locker. Smoking was not always a cool thing to do around nonsmoking Steelers, but, of course, nobody was going to mess with Lambert. "Thank god for Jack," says Bleier, smiling.

Bleier's NFL career was a ringing success, as his Super Bowl mementos attest.

continued



BLEIER *continued*

The 40-year-old Bleier's home now is suburban Pittsburgh, where he lives with his wife, Aleta, and two children and runs Bleier & Bleier, his marketing company, and Rocky Bleier Enterprises, which handles his speaking and advertising endeavors. But *home* was, is and forever shall be Appleton. He was born and raised there; he still has dozens of relatives and friends there; he was shaped there.

He points out the Fox Valley below and some of the towns within it: Neenah, Butte des Morts, Combined Locks. Over there is Lake Winnebago. If we keep flying north, he says, we'll sail right over Green Bay, where on fall Sundays the Packers help the farmers and paper mill hands to the south work out their frustrations. Bleier was a farm kid himself, wasn't he? "No, no," he says. "My dad owned a bar a block from downtown, and we lived above it. I was a city kid all the way."

The plane banks for its descent. Bleier turns from the window. He is wearing white pants, a magenta shirt, a white designer jacket with shades in the pocket and white tennis shoes with no socks. Very *Miami Vice*. Perhaps, in this TV age, it is very Appleton, too. We shall see. One thing is certain: Neither Tubbs nor Crockett is built like Bleier. He is 5' 10",

That championship season was sweet (he's second from left), as were his Scouting days.

197 pounds, with big arms, broad chest, and thighs that strain his cotton pants. He retired from football after the 1980 season, his 11th year in the NFL, all with the Steelers, but he has continued to work out, "just to keep fit, to stay open for other possibilities." Would one of those, by any chance, be Hollywood?

"Well, yes, it looks like I'll be doing some segments for *The A-Team*, starting with an episode in August or September, that's called 'The Quarterback Sneak,'" Bleier says.

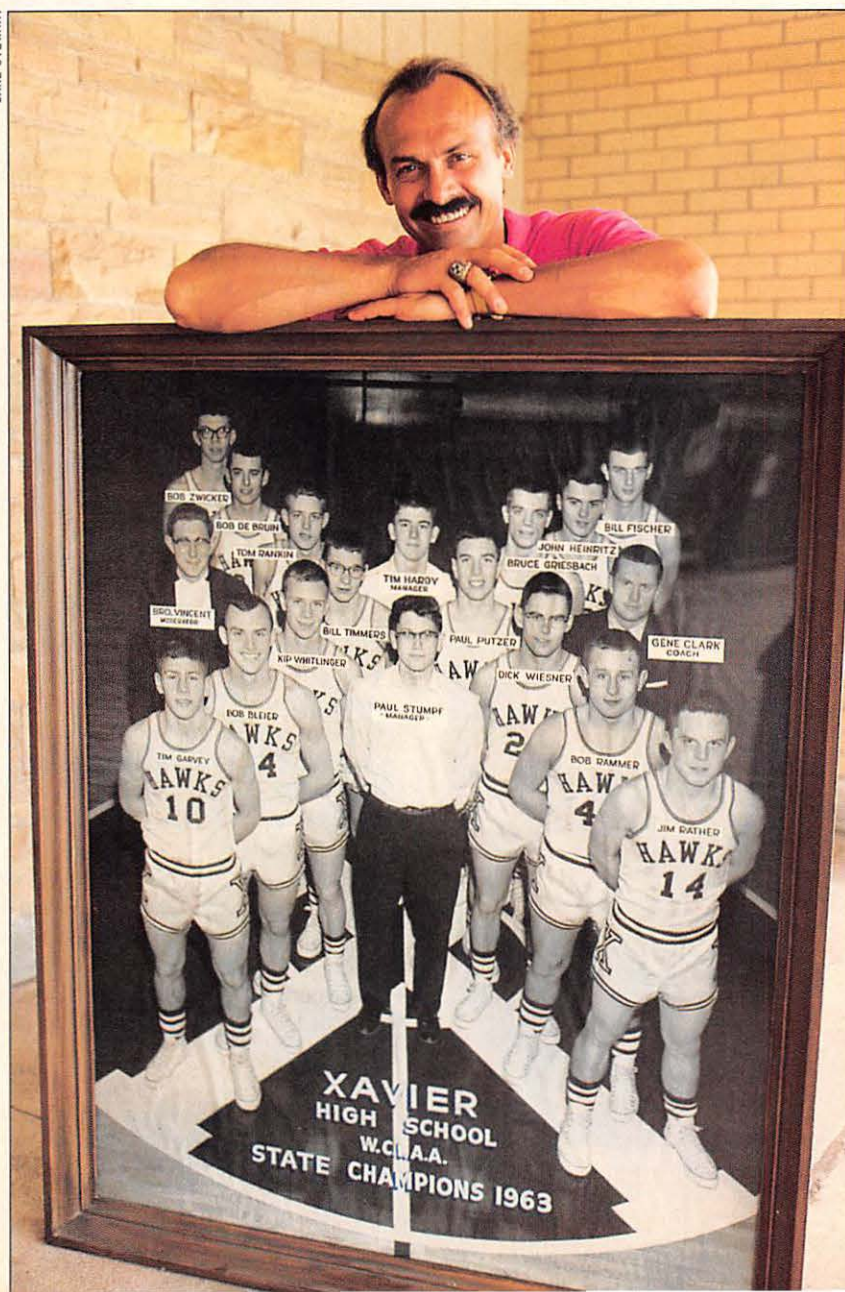
The plane lands and Bleier

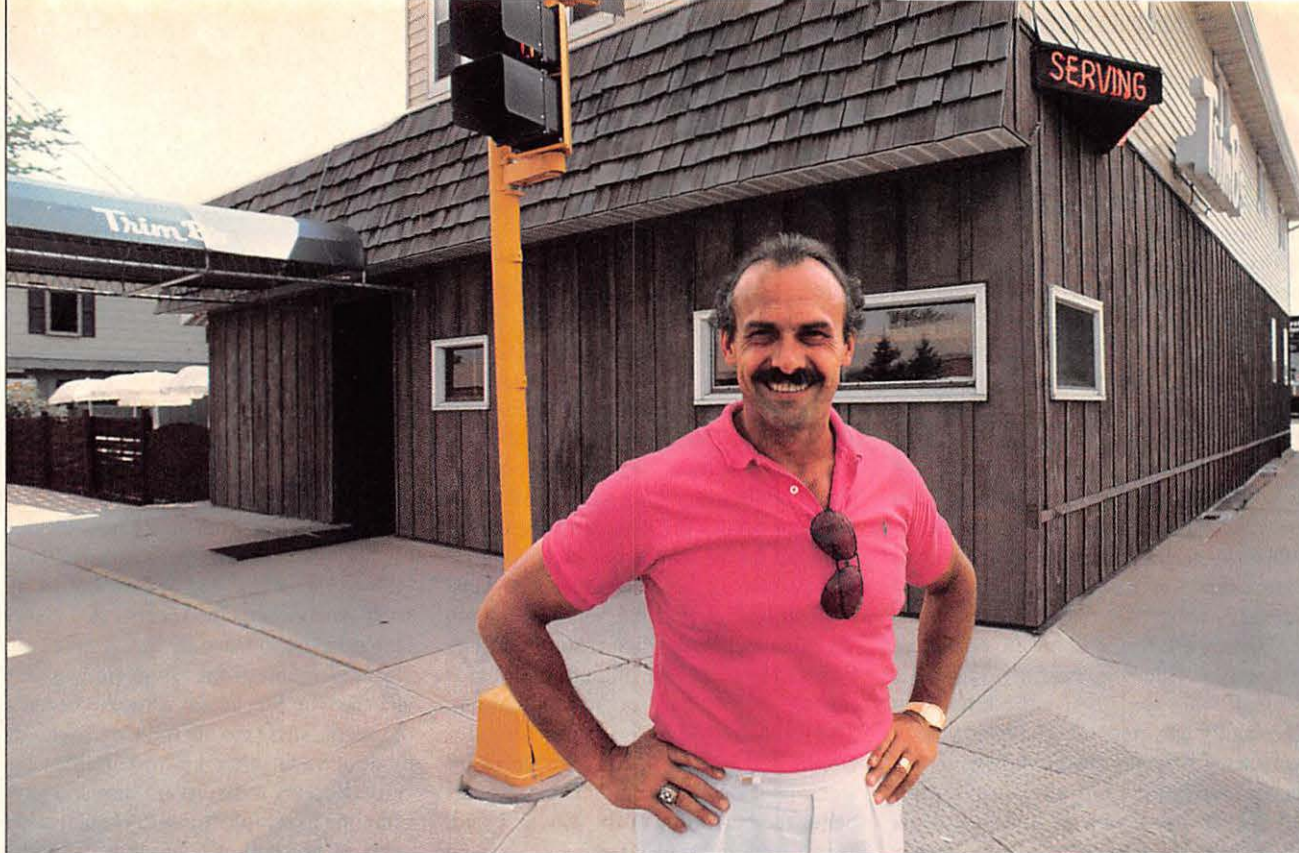
grabs his travel bag. The side reads: INTERNATIONAL CIRCULATION MANAGERS OF AMERICA.

"I spoke to them last week," he says. "I love the freebies they give out at conventions."

Rocky's fee for his motivational speech is \$5,000 these days, and he estimates that he speaks 80 or 90 times a year. Groups of businessmen love to listen to Rocky talk, and what he talks about is himself. His life is his message: the start in Appleton; the all-American Catholic upbringing; the high school stardom; the 1966 national championship at Notre Dame; the battle to make the Steelers as a 16th-round draft pick in 1968; the rookie year, culminating in Army induction and followed by heroism

LANE STEWART





LANE STEWART

Trim B's was once Bob Bleier's Bar, and its restaurant used to be Rocky's living room.

in Vietnam; the fight back to the NFL against huge odds; the four Super Bowl victories; the successful business enterprises; the charity work; and the tranquil home life.

"I am a breathing example of what you can do if you want to," he says without arrogance. "I just thought I could play in the NFL. There are parameters, of course, and a certain self-knowledge that's needed. I knew I would never be over 5' 10" or run the 40 in 4.4. But I could be stronger than the other players, and in better shape, and I could block better and be more consistent. Goodness, they want consistency in the NFL, somebody they can depend on. I didn't know back then how important that was.

"So when I speak to groups now, I tailor what I say to their needs. What does it take to be a successful executive or a successful salesman? If a salesman doesn't have his M.B.A. or doesn't look just right or doesn't fit this or that image, well, I try to let them know that it doesn't matter, as long as they believe they can do the job."

So the letter to Art Rooney sprang from a profound belief in his own abilities? Bleier clears his throat. He fishes for a cigarette. He is a warm and considerate man, but there is also an uneasiness to him, a sensitivity seldom seen in a rugged athlete. Nerves.

"Well, yes," he says. "Mostly from believing in myself."

But not entirely?

"No, I guess not," he smiles. "Not entirely."

There was, he will explain, the element of fear.

Things have changed in Appleton since Rocky Bleier was a boy. For one thing, there probably are not many kids being raised here anymore with the nickname Rocky. Bleier earned his handle when father, Bob, brought customers from his saloon back to look at his newborn son and said to the regulars, "Look at this kid. The sonofabitch looks like a little rock."

Rocky's given name is Robert Patrick. At St. Joseph's grammar school he always signed "Robert P. Bleier, JMJ," the additional letters standing for Jesus, Mary and Joseph. Bleier wrestled with himself for a long time before deciding on a name for his own son. "I thought about Robert Patrick Jr., because I was so proud of him, but I wanted him to have his own identity, too," he says. The infant was three days old before Rocky and Aleta, flipping through a baby-name book decided on Adri, "a Hebrew word meaning *from the rock*," the Rock says. Now the nine-year-old's nickname is Whiz, taken from a stuffed animal he carried with him as a toddler.

Bleier talks about his children as he climbs into his rented car at the Appleton Airport. "My daughter Samantha is 12.

She loves to play tennis, and she's not a bad little player. Adri is a big kid and pretty easygoing. He'll strike out in a ball game and just shrug. What he's really into is this Ninja stuff. He gets all these martial arts catalogs and looks at them for hours. But, basically, they're just good, normal kids."

Bleier pulls away from the airport and across Route 41, the busy interstate that heads south to Milwaukee or north to the wilds of Michigan's Upper Peninsula. "Wow, has this changed since I was a kid," he says. "The airport, everything. All this was farmland."

He turns down College Avenue on the western edge of Appleton and passes the fast-food chains and shopping centers that have sprouted from the glacial soil like winter wheat.

"None of this was here when I was growing up. The first thing to come was the Big Boy, with 50-cent superhamburgers." We pass the Big Boy, and it looks tired and out-of-date. "See Martine's next to the Midway Motor Lodge? That used to be The Left Guard, Fuzzy Thurston's place. Remember Fuzzy with the Packers? Green Bay was *it* around here."

Because of work obligations, Bleier returns to Appleton less and less often these days. Seeing it now for the first

continued

BLEIER continued

time in a year, he feels its hold on him. "I talk about Appleton a lot," he says. "It was what it sounds like. No crime, quiet neighborhoods. The best thing a kid had was his bike. You could ride all over the city, to the swimming pool, to the parks, to Goodland Field where the Foxes played..." With his sunglasses on, Bleier looks like a muscular bodyguard or perhaps an aging marine on leave. There is, too, a slight resemblance to Sean Connery, as if James Bond has tracked a villain to America's heartland. Bleier drifts into silence as he gazes at the passing scenery.

Earlier, from her home in Appleton, his mother, Ellen, a pleasantly outspoken woman who used to run the kitchen at the family bar, remembered Rocky as "a very sensitive, very sincere boy who never hurt anybody, a kid who always wanted you to think well of him." She still marvels at the letters he sent the family from Vietnam. "They were very funny, and written so we wouldn't have to suf-

fer. That movie that came out about him?" she said, referring to the 1980 made-for-TV production of Bleier's book, *Fighting Back*. "It was awful. It didn't show the real Rocky Bleier at all. It didn't get any of his thoughtfulness or suffering."

Whoa! The suffering of a young Mr. all-American? Yes, said his mom, the suffering of a person "who hesitates, who thinks about everything all the time."

Bleier breaks the silence in the car by bringing up his son again. "Last year he was playing in his first game in a kids' football league, and the announcer said, 'Number 62, Whiz Bleier, son of Rocky Bleier!' His team lost, and afterward kids started asking me for my autograph. Then somebody asked Adri for his autograph, and he freaked. When we were alone later he said to me, 'Dad, remember at the beginning of the game?' I said, 'Yes.' And he said, 'That embarrassed me.' And I said, 'It embarrassed me, too. It won't happen again.'

"You find yourself wanting your boy to be more aggressive, and then you try to remember yourself at nine. You look back and say, Jeez, I wish my son had what I had. Now at our home we don't have sidewalks, there's no sense of neighborhoods, no groups of kids who are always together. He plays football with boys he doesn't even know. There were fewer hassles when I was a kid. It was a gentler time. It really was."

Bleier speaks often about how blessed his life has been. His parents loved him. He was never that big or fast, but he always succeeded in sports. At Notre Dame he wasn't a star, but still he was elected captain of the team. He was able to make the Steelers as a rookie because the team was weak at running back. He made it again after his war injuries because Rooney took pity on him and gave him time to rebuild himself. He played 11 years of pro ball at running back—with only five 100-yard games—because he did the little things well, and because, of course, he just happened to have joined the most talented NFL team of the last quarter century.

Even his war trauma was a twisted blessing. Nobody else in the NFL had gone to Vietnam and won a Purple Heart and a Bronze Star (which he earned for firing grenades at the enemy while injured), and nobody else had captured the hearts of so many little people who found in Bleier a surrogate in the never-ending battle against the Big Guys of the world.

"If I hadn't gotten hurt, my story would be boring, right?" says Bleier with a laugh. "No book, no movie, no glory."

He chuckles now about the book and the TV movie, but neither would have been done had Bleier come one step closer to oblivion that August day outside Chu Lai, South Vietnam. Not surprisingly, it was a football move that saved him. In the midst of a firefight, a Vietcong grenade floated through the air and bounced off the back of Bleier's commanding officer. For an instant, Bleier, already injured by sniper fire, studied the grenade as it rolled slowly toward him. Then he sprang into the air, and the blast went mostly parallel to the ground, underneath him. "My reaction came from those old three-man over-under drills,"



JAMES DRANE

Even his Vietnam injuries couldn't keep Bleier from returning to a Steeler uniform.

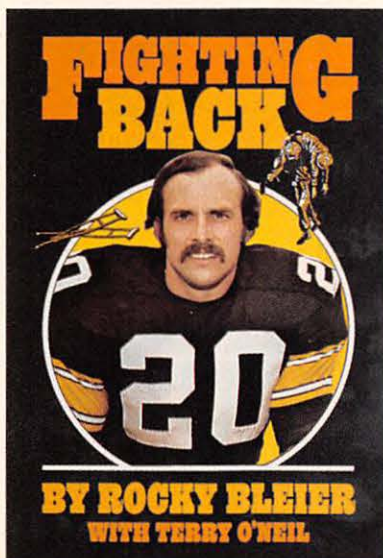
he says. "If I had rolled, I would've been hit hard."

When Bleier was hit the first time, he started talking to God. He knew that a lot of people in tough spots vowed that if God got them out of there, they would become priests or build hospitals in God's honor. Then he thought more about it. If you get out of here, you're not gonna do that, he admitted to himself. "So I made a deal. 'God,' I said, 'save me and I'll share the good times with you, and I won't complain about the bad times ever again. That's the best I can do.'" When he was dragged to safety hours later, delirious with pain, he lay staring at the blades of the helicopter and said, "Thank you, Lord."

The nuns back in Appleton had taught him well.

Bleier knocks on the door of his sister Patty's house and hollers, "Anybody home?"

Nobody answers, so he lets himself in. Patty is the elder of Rocky's two sisters—his other sister is Pam, and he has a young-



The book became a made-for-TV movie.

ger brother, Dan—and the only sibling who still lives in Appleton. Patty married one of Rocky's best boyhood friends, Paul Rechner, and coming here will give Rocky a chance to rehash the past. Shortly Patty returns from grocery shopping, and she and her three children sit

down in the kitchen and begin chatting with Rocky.

"I like your hair," Patty says. "What did you do?"

"Cut it short," says her brother, grinning. They discuss their old home over Bob Bleier's Bar, so different from this modern suburban house. "Remember our roomers upstairs?" says Rocky. "John Rizzi, who smelled like garlic, and Hammerhead and Joe with one tooth, and Pete the traveling salesman? Pete was a great guy. His office was his car, one of those big old Buicks, packed to the hilt. I don't even know what he sold."

As the roomers gradually died off, the Bleier children usurped their bedrooms. Boarders and children shared the same bathroom down the hall, and, indeed, the entire group was almost one big family.

"Many a night I'd hear one of those guys coming up the stairs, drunk, and I'd get out of bed to help him," says Rocky.

"When Hammerhead died, I got his room," recalls Patty. "He died right in that room, in the bed I got, and I used to have nightmares about him."

continued

NEW LOW WEEKDAY RATE

\$38⁹⁵ A day
weekdays*

Includes 100 miles per day

\$35⁹⁵ A day
weekends

Includes 100 miles per day

*Surcharge may apply in certain metro areas.

Extra charge for additional miles. Weekend rates available from noon Thursday through Monday. Weekend and weekday rates cannot be combined on one rental transaction. Offer available at participating locations. Not available in Manhattan and N.Y. metro area airports. Rates can be guaranteed, are slightly higher for drivers under 25, nondiscountable and subject to change without notice. You pay for gas used and return car to renting location. Specific cars subject to availability. Certain minimums and other restrictions may apply.

You can also rent luxury cars in Canada, Europe and other international locations; rates and conditions will vary.

**National
Car Rental®**
CALL 800-CAR-RENT™
or your travel consultant.

**NOW IT COSTS LESS
TO LOOK LIKE YOU'VE ARRIVED.**

We feature GM cars like this Cadillac Sedan de Ville.

A HOUSEHOLD INTERNATIONAL COMPANY © 1986, National Car Rental System, Inc. In Canada, it's Tilden. In Europe, Africa and the Middle East, it's Europcar.

THE RICHER TASTE OF MYERS'S RUM ALWAYS COMES THROUGH...



...IN PIÑA COLADAS



BLEIER *continued*

They laugh, and the Rechner children seem spellbound by these tales that might as well have occurred in another century.

Paul comes home on a break from his executive job at an Appleton graphics company. He and Rocky swap tales from their days together at Xavier High School. It was a charmed time: The football team won 31 games in a row; the basketball team won 49 games in a row; and the band, in which Bleier played trumpet, won two national Catholic school titles in a row.

"We were just in the right place at the right time, Rock," says Paul. Later, in an aside to a visitor, Paul says, "You can't believe what it was like playing with him. He wasn't tall, but our whole basketball press was built around him. He just had a way of making everybody on his team play better."

Of course, there was also a wild-man coach through it all, a red-haired task-master named Eugene (Torchy) Clark, who pushed his football and basketball players as far as he could. Torchy's most memorable speech, Rocky and Paul agree, came when he burst into the locker room during the last moment of halftime at a game Xavier was losing to a weaker opponent and shrieked, "You're nothing but a bunch of chickenbleep mother-bleepers!" before storming out.

"I don't know, Rock, kids now don't seem to play baseball and basketball all summer long like we did," Paul says. "They've got these other sports—tennis, windsurfing, golf, soccer."

"We had fun because we didn't have organized sports," agrees Bleier. "We had to get our own guys together. And that helped us settle fights and make decisions."

The group walks outside. A gentle wind is blowing, and Patty screeches when she discovers that her brother's hair looks nice because he is wearing a tiny hairpiece. Bleier started losing his hair in high school, and it's only fair that he have a little now. "It's even got gray in it," Patty marvels.

"It ought to," says Rocky. "It cost enough."

Standing on the driveway, Bleier reminds Paul of the great backboard and hoop that hung over the Rechner family driveway years ago.

"Rock," says Paul, pointing to the basket in front of them, "this is the same backboard. I torched it off at my parents'

house. My brother got it for his 16th birthday. It's 27 years old, Rock."

Bleier smiles at the news.

He stands in front of the trophy cases at Xavier High and looks at the large black-and-white photo of the 1963 basketball team, the Wisconsin Catholic Independent Athletic Association state champions. No. 34 is himself, 23 years earlier.

A large man with glasses approaches. "Hi, I'm Don Dineen, the head football coach," he says.

"I'm Rocky Bleier."

"Oh, hi." It is clear the coach did not recognize Appleton's greatest athlete, but he recovers quickly. "Normally, we have your case all alone down here, but, uh, the girls' basketball team did well this year, and they sort of took it over."

Rocky moves down to the last glass case, and through the draped girls' warm-ups and trophies sees a plaque that reads: ROCKY'S HISTORIC RUN AGAINST PREMONTRE IN HIS SOPHOMORE YEAR. Etched on the plaque is a photo of Bleier tiptoeing into the end zone in front of shocked fans. Below that the inscription reads:

ROBERT "ROCKY" BLEIER
ALL CONFERENCE THREE YEARS FOOTBALL
ALL STATE TWO YEARS
SCORED AT LEAST ONE TD IN EVERY
VARSITY GAME HE PLAYED
OVER 1,000 YARDS LAST TWO YEARS
ALL CONFERENCE BASKETBALL TWO YEARS
TOP POINT GETTER TRACK SENIOR YEAR
PLAYED FIRST TRUMPET IN BAND
MEMBER NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY
FULL FOUR-YEAR SCHOLARSHIP TO
NOTRE DAME

Below that is Bleier's bronzed left shoe, the one that stepped in for the TD that iced the win over the hated Premontre Cadets.

"It was like Franco's Immaculate Reception," says Bleier. "Nothing you ever do will equal it."

It is hot today, and Bleier rests under the shade of an oak tree at Pierce Park, staring out at the Fox River flowing gently in the valley below. Pierce Park is an old traditional park with trees, statues, historic monuments, ball fields and a great band shell at its center.

As a child, Bleier and his chums would ride here on their bikes and spend whole days playing. "You'd just say, 'Mom,

continued

...IN DAIQUIRIS



...AND IN COLA.



If your drinks taste like you forgot to add the rum, try Myers's Original Dark Rum. Its deep, rich Jamaican taste always comes through. For a free recipe book just write: Myers's Rum, FDR Station, P.O. Box 1645, New York, N.Y. 10150.

MYERS'S RUM. THE TASTE WON'T MIX AWAY.

MYERS'S RUM. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY THE FRED L. MYERS & SON CO. BALTIMORE, MD. © 1986.

I'm going to the park.' No problem."

There were times when the boys would play army in the ravines, hiding in "foxholes" that were just depressions in the earth. "I remember in Vietnam sitting in foxholes and thinking, This is just like Pierce Park," he says. There were times, even as a young boy, when he thought, as well, of the nobility of doing combat on a battlefield; when he wished, like Stephen Crane's soldier, that "he, too, had a wound, a red badge of courage."

"It's sort of the feeling that there's no glory in being injured on a practice field," Bleier says. "I don't know if I can put this into words, but the arena means something. The field of honor, where an injury can be glorious. Knights of armor playing to ladies. At Pittsburgh I had a signal for Aleta, where I would grab my face mask and raise it up and down to show her things were fine. Like a knight raising and lowering his visor."

And saying that, Bleier also senses the banality of his point. "We were just a bunch of guys wandering around in the woods . . .," he wrote of his Army mates in *Fighting Back*. And when he fought back to make it in football, a part of him knew he was not the hero everyone made him out to be. Fear is not supposed to be the great motivator of heroes, but it was fear, as much as anything, that was driving him. "I could deal with injuries," he says. "The physical part is not very hard, because that's what you know as an athlete. In fact, pushing yourself physically is simple. But god, don't ask me to make a decision. It's the unknown that's terrifying."

Without football he feared he would be lost. In 1972, when it got to the point that he was working out as much as 10 hours daily, he wrote that his routine "was only a diversion, an escape from my real difficulties, but it was effective." What he had become was a rehab junkie.

He says now, "What you realize is that as an overachiever it is very hard to quit, ever. And yet, you also know that it is admirable to quit gracefully. And it just becomes very . . . hard."

Bleier eats lunch at Trim B's restaurant, which used to be Bob Bleier's Bar. Rocky's dad sold the place in 1973 and has since retired, but the current owner acknowledges the establishment's roots. On the wall hangs an old photo of Bob

Bleier serving beer to a couple of seedy-looking patrons. "That guy there is Mousy Krause. He was our resident—well, what would you call him?—hobo, I guess," says Bleier.

He sits in the dining area, which was once his family's living room, and considers the role he has earned for himself: that of public hero and private questioner—Rambo on the surface, Hamlet underneath. His image and his essence circle each other like dancing shadows. "I remember my younger sister saying to me once, 'Who are you? You're not my brother. Who are you?'"



Grandma waves goodbye from Appleton.

At the bar a man says, "Rocky, I know what you went through over in Nam. It took a lot of guts, and I'm glad you haven't cheapened yourself doing those Lite beer ads."

Bleier steps outside for some air, but the man continues inside. "Rocky wouldn't do anything like those Lite beer ads," he insists. "Not with the image he has, the way kids look up to him."

Two young drinkers at the bar look at the man in confusion.

"Who was that?" one of them says.

"That was Rocky Bleier. He got blown up in a jeep accident over in Vietnam,"

says the older man. "All guts and glory."

"I was born in 1967," one of the young drinkers says. "That's before my time."

"Well, I'll bet he's rich," says the other.

Outside, Bleier looks at the front of his old home. "The reason I haven't done a beer ad," he says in a conspiratorial voice, "is because I haven't been asked."

Later, Bleier stops at his grandmother's house. Minnie Bleier, age 89, grabs him and gives him a bear hug. "Oh, I'm so glad to see you," she whoops. Minnie was one of 16 children and has relatives "all the way from Little Chute to Green Bay. When I die they'll have to put a list up and down the paper where it says, 'Survived by.'" She roars at her joke.

Her grandson goes to the kitchen for some icebox cookies, and when he returns, the gold watch on his right wrist flashes in the afternoon sun. The watch was a gift from Bill Ring, the veteran running back for the San Francisco 49ers. Ring gave him the watch after the 49ers won the 1982 Super Bowl, in appreciation for all that Bleier had done for him. What Bleier had done was house, feed and inspire the marginally skilled Ring after he had been cut during tryouts with the Steelers in 1980. They now have six Super Bowl rings between them.

"Believe me, he had absolutely nothing to gain by taking me in," says Ring. "Heroes. We all need them. And he is that good guy."

The noted cynic H.L. Mencken once wrote, "The chief business of the nation, as a nation, is the setting up of heroes, mainly bogus." Rocky Bleier has heard that statement and agrees with it. He has also heard Joseph Conrad's comment that "every age is fed on illusions," and he agrees with that, too.

"Heroic action, I guess, is mostly illusion," he says. "Usually you're scared, and you just react. Nothing out of the ordinary. But I want to believe in the illusion, too. I like the concept of heroes. I think we need the inspiration. And if I can be a symbol of something good for some people, even if I'm not exactly what they think I am, well, that's still O.K."

The people of Appleton, Wis., like those in every other town in America, need their illusions and their heroes, imaginary and real. Rocky Bleier gives them one. Maybe someday they'll build a statue of this man.

END

NISSAN OFFERS

5.7%^{A.P.R.} OR \$500

FACTORY-SPONSORED FINANCING

CASH BACK TO YOU



YOUR CHOICE OF MORE WAYS TO SAVE....

5.7% FINANCING ON EVERY NEW TRUCK....

■ Nissan offers more ways to get more truck for your buck with 5.7 annual percentage rate factory-sponsored financing. That could save you up to \$1980* on tough Hardbody

King Cab® 4x4's with the biggest V6 in the class. And up to \$829* on Hardbody 4x2's—the most powerful leading standard compact truck, or...

\$500 CASH BACK ON EVERY NEW TRUCK....

■ That's \$500 you could use toward your down payment or take as a factory check.

The choice is yours—5.7% or \$500 cash back. Either way, it's money in your pocket.

GREAT DEALS ON AMERICA'S #1 IMPORT CARS**

■ From Sentra to Maxima. Stanza to the awesome 300ZX—your Nissan dealer is

making great deals on America's #1 line of imported cars.

*Available for a limited time to qualified buyers at participating Nissan dealers on new Nissan trucks. Interest payment savings based on manufacturer's suggested retail price plus title, taxes, license, destination charges and options. Loan terms: 36 months, 14% down. Monthly payments of \$30.29 per \$1,000.00 borrowed. 12.5% vs. 5.7% annual percentage rate financing. Actual terms and savings may vary. Special financing and cash back not available on cars. **Based on R.L. Polk registrations of import car nameplates, calendar year 1985.



THE NAME IS NISSAN

INSIDE BASEBALL

by Peter Gammons

FROM PINSTripES TO PALE HOSE

It took Bobby Bonds 14 notable seasons before the "Traded for Bonds" all-star team reached chic status. Now we have Ron Hassey. It was only 26 months ago that Hassey was traded for the first time, but since then he has racked up some serious frequent flyer mileage by being dealt from Cleveland to Chicago



Hassey must wonder, *Where am I?*

go to New York to Chicago to New York to Chicago for:

C Joel Skinner
1B Brian Dayett
2B Wayne Tolleson
3B Scott Bradley
SS Mike Soper
LF Ron Kittle
CF Joe Carter
RF Mel Hall
P Neil Allen, Don Schulze,
Ray Fontenot and Britt
Burns.

As you may recall, Hassey was traded by the Yankees to the White Sox last December, along with Joe Cowley, for Burns, Soper and minor league

outfielder Glen Braxton. Then in February, after Carlton Fisk refused to go to the South Bronx, Hassey was sent back to the Yanks for Allen, Braxton and Bradley. Hassey was bouncing back and forth so fast he failed to make either the White Sox' or Yankees' media guides.

Last week Hassey, minor league infielder Carlos Martinez and a player to be named later—either pitcher Brian Fisher or pitcher Bob Tewksbury—went to Chicago for DH Kittle, utility infielder Tolleson and catcher Skinner. The wheeling and dealing between George Steinbrenner and the Reinhorn twins has become tiresome, not only to Hassey and Braxton, who up and quit, but to other major league owners as well.

The Yankee owner is attempting to patch up some holes. At the time of the deal the Yanks were 11-18 in games started by opposing lefties. The five shortstops they had tried had a combined 17 RBIs and 21 errors. And manager Lou Piniella had wearied of catcher Butch Wynegar, who last week pronounced himself weary of baseball and left the team. But the trade—which was engineered by Steinbrenner without the knowledge of titular G.M. Clyde King—didn't address starting pitching, the Yankees' most pressing weakness. While the Red Sox were losing 10 of 13 on their post-All-Star Game road trip, New York stayed 6 games back in the loss column by dropping 6 of 7. In the 6 defeats they were outscored 26-3 in the first three innings.

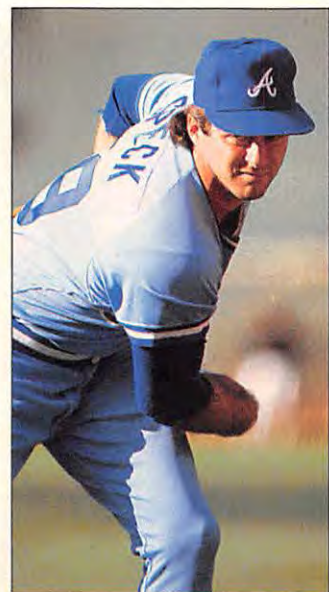
The new acquisitions pose questions. Will Kittle fizzle in the heat of the owner's irration-

ality? Can Tolleson, who has never been an everyday player, solve the shortstop problem? Is Skinner, whose release, quickness and bat speed have already been doubted, a legitimate starting catcher? The Yankees have now used 40 players so far this season.

And what did the White Sox get? Well, Hassey has bad knees, and Martinez has an attitude problem.

NO TAKERS AT THRIFT SALE

The White Sox-Yankee exchange was the only significant deal before the Aug. 1 deadline. Most baseball people believe that Pirates general manager Syd Thrift blew it by not trading pitcher Rick Rhoden. Thrift said he couldn't get "equivalent value," but he asked the Yankees for third baseman Mike Pagliarulo and either Fisher or Doug Drabek, an absurd request. Now all this last-place team will get is a draft choice when Rhoden hits the free-agent market in November, because he's not sneaking through waivers. "We're all weary of being run around by the Pirates," said one owner. "Anyway, waivers are going to be harder to get this time around. The Pirates are stuck." . . . The Mariners still expect to get waivers on centerfielder David Henderson, whom the Red Sox covet for the stretch. . . . Yes, that was the Cliff Speck you saw in a Braves box score last week. In his 13th professional season, the former Portland, Ore., Little League rival of Dale Murphy made it to the majors. Speck was the first pick of the Mets in the 1974 draft, along with a two-time Most Valuable Player (Murphy), a Cy Young winner



Speck finally gets a fling in the majors.

(Rick Sutcliffe), a batting champion (Willie Wilson), a five-time All-Star catcher (Lance Parrish), a two-time All-Star shortstop (Garry Templeton) and an All-Star outfielder (Lonnie Smith). "Maybe I'm just a late bloomer," Speck said. He made it after being released by the Mets and Philadelphia organizations and sustaining a series of injuries that included a hyperextended elbow incurred when a teammate jerked his arm during a victory celebration. . . . Before they activated him on July 30, the Dodgers had to promise Pedro Guerrero that he would only be asked to pinch-hit until he gave the word that he could play in the field. "I'm the one who has to go out and play, and right now I know I can't," explained Guerrero. "The knee's not hurting, but it's not 100 percent. I won't go out there without knowing it's 100 percent." . . . Tom Lasorda was extremely concerned when Fernando Valenzuela complained of tenderness in his shoulder, but he came back in his next

BETWEEN THE LINES

WELFARE CADILLACS

The Pirates are paying Lee Mazzilli \$600,000, Sixto Lezcano \$625,000, Jason Thompson \$800,000, Johnny LeMaster \$500,000 and Steve Kemp \$1,200,000 not to play.

HALL OF FAME FOOTNOTE

In his 158 games from the All-Star break of 1985 to the All-Star break of 1986, Mike Schmidt batted .300 with 41 homers and 121 RBIs. Probable reason: An adjustment in his stance that has eliminated a wiggle in his bat and helped him keep his head down.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

- "He has nothin' to do with nothin'." —Dave Winfield on the Yankees owner.
- "Let's face it, if I were 10-10 last year and not a Cy Young Award winner, I'd just be another average ballplayer right now. Actually, I would probably be in Triple A."—Bret Saberhagen, currently 6-10 with the Royals.

AN OPEN INVITATION

A woman wearing a wedding gown and veil walked through the Shea Stadium stands in the fifth inning of the Mets' 9-2 win over the Cubs on July 28 carrying a sign that read MARRY ME, LENNY. Lenny Dykstra, who already is married, saw the sign from the on-deck circle and laughed. His comment later was, "I better not say anything."

Dykstra, now playing centerfield regularly and leading off, hit .361 in June and July after batting .262 the first two months of the season.

THE ANSWER IS ... TERRY MULHOLLAND

The question is, Which member of the Giants rotation of Terry Mulholland, Vida Blue, Kelly Downs, Steve Carlton and Mike LaCoss was not released by another team?

Mike Krukow, please get healthy.

TED WILLIAMS, BEWARE

Wade Boggs may have fallen below .350, but Phillies pitcher Dan Schatzeder entered August batting .429 with an on-base percentage of .538. Schatzeder was over .400 in mid-August of 1984, but went 0 for 6 the rest of the way and dipped to .314.

A WISH FULFILLED

• On July 28 Mickey Mahler was quoted in USA Today as saying that if he were commissioner of baseball for one day, he'd send every player who had played three straight years in the majors "back to Triple A for one month, just to let them see what it's like so they won't forget how good they have it now." The next day the Rangers shipped Mahler to Triple A.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Mets' 17-game lead after the first game of last Tuesday's doubleheader was the biggest in the National League since the end of the 1975 season. The Reds won the West that season by 20 games.
- Dennis Leonard has started 10 games without a win and hasn't had a victory since June 4. He has lost six straight decisions and since June 4 has pitched 55½ innings, allowing 75 hits, 10 home runs and 42 earned runs for an ERA of 6.83.
- Kansas City's rightfield platoon of Darryl Motley and Mike Kingery went 0 for 30 before Kingery singled on July 25, and fellow outfielder Lynn Jones got his first RBI since Sept. 4, 1985, when he grounded out in that same game. "It was so long since I'd been to the plate," Jones said, "that I fell down going to first."
- The three highest season save totals in Toronto history: 1) Tom Henke, 16, 1986; 2) Bill Caudill, 14, 1985; 3) Henke, 13, 1985.
- In Sid Fernandez's first three innings last Wednesday the Mets lefthander struck out nine Cubs and trailed 4-0.
- Rangers manager Bobby Valentine was voted "the sexiest man in the Metroplex" in a poll by a Dallas radio station.
- Of the first 99 balks called in the National League, 15 came with Vince Coleman on first base.
- After setting a record for the lowest first-half winning percentage (.260) in California League history, Bakersfield started the second half 6-28.
- Bob Uecker did not hit a triple in his illustrious major league career. In the Seattle oldtimers' game on July 26 Uecker finally got his triple—over centerfielder Paul Blair's head.

start July 29 and beat the Giants 2-1. "Anytime that guy coughs, it worries me," Lasorda said. Valenzuela (14-6) was the National League's first 14-game winner in his drive to become the Dodgers' first 20-game winner since Tommy John in 1977. . . . Oriole first baseman Jim Traber, who hit .327 with 6 homers and 18 RBIs in his first 15 games as Eddie Murray's replacement, is a multitalent. A gifted singer, Traber has played such musical roles as Curly in *Oklahoma*, Nicely-Nicely in *Guys and Dolls* and Don Quixote in *The Man of La Mancha*. He was also a quarterback at Oklahoma State.

RYAN THROWS SOME HEAT

Nolan Ryan left his July 27 start after five innings with a sore elbow. Despite allowing three hits and striking out 24 in the 14½ innings of his last two starts, he was placed on the 15-day disabled list. "I'm disap-



Traber can swing as well as he sings.

continued

pointed," said Ryan, who requested a postgame meeting Wednesday night with manager Hal Lanier and G.M. Dick Wagner. "I think it was premature. I don't agree with it. For some unknown reason they've decided to put me on the DL. They didn't give me any say. I think I can pitch, but that hasn't changed their thinking." Lanier felt the rest would keep Ryan strong for the September run. . . . Rick Sutcliffe and Dennis Eckersley are miffed at Cubs G.M. Dallas Green's statements that he was unable to trade them and Steve Trout for any value. "He [Green] says a lot of things," retorted Sutcliffe, who, bothered by injuries, has been held to 12-18 since going 20-6 in his 1984 contract season. "He says one thing to the papers and another thing to your face." . . . Twins owner Carl Pohlad and vice-president Howard Fox gave manager Ray Miller a quasi vote of confidence last week, but no one seemed to know if it meant any more than the ones Tony La Russa received in Chicago. Fox is said to have favored replacing Miller with third base coach Tom Kelly, which would stave off the Billy Martin bandwagon if the Twins finished strong. A fan hung a TELL RAY THAT'S ALL—WE WANT BILLYBALL sign in the Metrodome last week. It was hastily removed. Oh, yes. When the silver-anniversary team was announced July 31, Martin was the manager. It should be mentioned that the hitting was so bad in July that the only player whose average went up was Randy Bush, who drove in one run in 64 at bats while skyrocketing from .252 to .260.

A MESSAGE TO THE OWNERS

The dismissal by arbitrator Tom Roberts of the drug-testing clauses in player contracts doesn't mean that the Players Association has killed

off any drug testing. To the contrary, all the union did was tell the owners and Peter Ueberroth that they cannot go around the bargaining agreement. The players want to negotiate a plan, and if management is willing, they want to get something worked out as soon as possible. "Now we can discuss this thing reasonably," says AL player representative Don Baylor. The owners have found that they don't have as much power as they thought. . . . Dale Murphy's 14th home run on July 29 was his first in 85 at bats, dating back to July 1. When Murphy hit homer No. 14, the Braves were 2½ games off the lead in the National League West. The 15th came with the Braves nine games behind division-leading Houston. "I've had periods of frustration this year," says Murphy. "I've been unhappy with the way I've played. Not only with the way I've hit but with mental mistakes I've made on the bases and in the field." At some point Murphy lost his natural stroke, then listened to so many voices of advice "that I've forgotten what the basics are." Murphy does an "Ask Dale" advice column for the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* and do-

minates his earnings to a scholarship fund. Many recent letters to Murphy have contained harsh, derogatory comments, prompting rumors that he would like to be traded after the season. . . . The Giants continue to complain about opponents doctoring baseballs. The latest target is Rick Rhoden. "Why don't they just let him have a chain saw out there?" asked Bob Brenly. . . . Manager Roger Craig's run as a newspaper columnist turned out to be one of the shortest in American journalism history. The *San Francisco Chronicle* originally announced to its readers that Craig would be doing the column six days a week (the *Chronicle* does not publish Sundays) until the end of the season. But last Tuesday club president Al Rosen pulled the plug on the column. Rosen had initially approved the idea, but in a story in the paper Wednesday, he said it was too much of a burden on the manager. Craig had written a column condoning the Giants' fight against the Cardinals in St. Louis, which had drawn a flood of critical mail. . . . The Giants could have obtained pitcher Dennis Eckersley from the Cubs, but Chi-

BALLPARK FIGURES

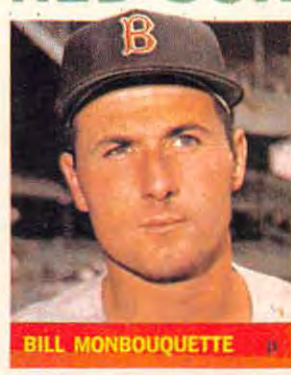
When Ron Kittle was traded from the White Sox to the Yankees last week, he said, "In Chicago they said I wasn't a consistent power hitter. Who is a consistent power hitter?" Kittle's point is well taken. Last season 13 players hit 30 or more homers, but only one, Carlton Fisk, hit 4 or more in each month. This season only three players with at least 20 homers, Dave Parker, Glenn Davis and Jose Canseco, have hit 4 or more in each month.

Here is the month-by-month breakdown of the top five home run hitters in each league through July:

National League	April	May	June	July	Total
Dave Parker, Reds	5	6	4	8	23
Glenn Davis, Astros	4	4	8	7	23
Mike Schmidt, Phillies	5	3	6	8	22
Franklin Stubbs, Dodgers	4	2	9	4	19
Mike Marshall, Dodgers	6	7	4	1	18
American League	April	May	June	July	Total
Jesse Barfield, Blue Jays	2	9	8	7	26
Jose Canseco, A's	5	10	4	4	23
Mike Pagliarulo, Yankees	3	6	7	7	23
George Bell, Blue Jays	4	3	7	9	23
Kent Hrbek, Twins	1	8	8	6	23

cago insisted George Frazier be part of the deal—to unload Frazier's salary—which ended those discussions. The Cubs were rumored to be asking for pitcher Mark Davis and third base prospect Ty Dabney. . . . Ray Miller's scalp may be public domain in Minnesota, but the good people of Baltimore should still thank their former pitching coach. After Miller watched his Twins batter Oriole Scott McGregor, Miller phoned the Orioles' clubhouse and told McGregor, "Your motion is too slow. Our hitters say they can see the ball all the way." McGregor retreated to the bullpen, concentrated on accelerating his delivery and two starts later was back winning. . . . When Gorman Thomas returned to Milwaukee on July 28 after a three-year exile in Cleveland and Seattle, three radio stations ran promotional contests, another gave away 25,000 autographed pictures and the parking lot filled up at 5:30 p.m. with tailgate

RED SOX



A happy 50th to Bill Monbouquette, whose no-hitter came 23 years ago.

parties. WELCOME BACK, GORMAN T-shirts and visors were very hot items. The first-night crowd of 37,488 gave him a standing ovation—his first of three—after he struck out his first time up. "I realized he was popular," said manager George Bamberger, "but I didn't realize he was that popular." □

VANTAGE

PERFORMANCE COUNTS.
THE THRILL OF REAL CIGARETTE TASTE IN A LOW TAR.



20 CIGARETTES

VANTAGE

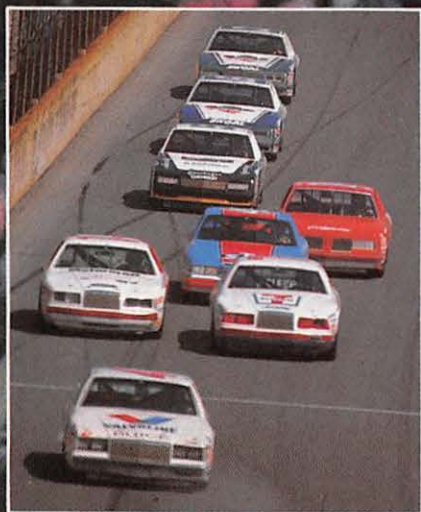


9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

© 1986 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

ESPN®. THE BEST PLACE TO KEEP UP WITH LIFE IN THE FAST LANE.



**ESPN HAS THE MOST
EXTENSIVE AUTO
RACING COVERAGE
ON TELEVISION.**

ESPN's track record in racing coverage is unbeatable. No other network delivers so much high-speed action. And our 1986 schedule will be bigger and better than ever.

ESPN's award-winning coverage will include more than 60 races, from live Formula 1 with



commentator Jackie Stewart to NASCAR. You'll see the best of CART, IMSA, IHRA, World



Endurance, USAC and CART B.

And ESPN's SpeedWeek series will bring you weekly reports on the motor racing circuit.

Get a thrilling taste of life in the fast lane when ESPN's racing coverage hits the road.

ESPN™
THE TOTAL SPORTS NETWORK®



ESPN is available only through your cable service.
Programming subject to blackout or change.

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 28-Aug. 3

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

BOWLING—DON GENALO defeated Tom Milton 235-214 in the final match to win a PBA tournament in Windsor, Ont., and collect the \$18,000 winner's check.

BOXING—SHIN HI-SOP of South Korea knocked out champion Ching Bi-Won, a countryman, in the 15th round to win the IBF flyweight title in Incheon, South Korea.

JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ of Mexico retained his WBC super featherweight title with a 12-round decision over Rocky Lockridge of the U.S. in Monte Carlo.

COMMONWEALTH GAMES—England earned 142 medals during the competition in Edinburgh, Scotland, and edged Canada in the gold medal race by one (52-51). Olympic champion and world-record holder DALEY THOMPSON of England won his third consecutive Commonwealth Games title in the decathlon, winning 8 of 10 events and scoring 8,663 points; England's STEVE CRAM won the 800 meters (1:43.22) and the 1,500 (3:50.87) to become the first runner since Peter Snell in 1962 to win both events at the games; STEVE REDGRAVE of England became the first competitor to earn three golds in rowing when he added victories in the coxless pairs and the cox fours to an earlier triumph in the single sculls; ROB DE CASTELLA of Australia cruised to his second straight title in the marathon with a time of 2:10:15; ALLISON HIGSON, the 13-year-old Canadian breaststroker who had earlier become the youngest-ever Commonwealth champion, won her second gold medal of the games, in the 100 meters (1:10.84).

PRO FOOTBALL—In the Hall of Fame game in Canton, Ohio, the New England Patriots defeated the St. Louis Cardinals 21-16. In London, the Chicago Bears beat the Dallas Cowboys 17-6 before 82,699 in Wembley Stadium (page 20).

GOLF—TOM KITE rolled in a four-foot birdie putt on the first hole of a playoff to defeat Fred Couples, David Frost and Nick Price and win the Western Open in Oak Brook, Ill. The quartet had completed regulation play with two-under-par 286s. Kite's triumph was worth \$90,000.

AMY ALCOTT fired a final-round 70 for a five-under-par 283 to win the LPGA National Pro-Am in Denver by one stroke over Pat Bradley and Chris Johnson. Alcott earned \$45,000 for the victory.

Diane Johnson of Wales defeated Kathleen McCarthy of the United States 5 and 3 in the deciding match to give a combined GREAT BRITAIN-IRELAND team a 13-5 victory over the U.S. for the Curtis Cup championship, in Hutchinson, Kans. The U.S. had not relinquished the Cup since 1956.

HARNESS RACING—NUCLEAR KOSMOS (\$9), with Ulf Thoresen in the sulky, won the Hambletonian at the Meadowlands and \$586,041 in prize money when he beat Royal Prestige by a neck in the third heat. The 3-year-old trotter's time for the mile was 1:56 1/4.

HORSE RACING—LADY'S SECRET (\$4.60), ridden by Pat Day, won the Whitney Handicap at Saratoga by 4 1/2 lengths over Ends Well. The 4-year-old filly's time for the 1 1/4 miles was 1:49 1/4. Lady's Secret, the first filly to win the Whitney since Gallorette in 1948, earned a \$175,000 winner's purse and a \$27,000 Breeder's Cup premium award.

MOTOR SPORTS—JOHNNY RUTHERFORD, driving a March-Cosworth, won the Michigan 500 in Brooklyn, Mich., the second jewel in Indy-car racing's Triple Crown, by 1.82 seconds over Josele Garza, also in a March-Cosworth. Rutherford earned \$125,446 for the victory.

SAILING—EAGLE, a 34-foot Farr owned by Jerry O'Neill of Chicago, and REFLECTION, a C&C 37 owned by Seth Holloway of Duluth, Minn., were declared the winners of the 333-mile Chicago-to-Mackinac Island race. Eagle defeated 100 other competitors to win the International Ocean Racing category with a corrected time of 33 hours, 34 min-

utes, 8 seconds, while Reflection won the International Measurement System division over 200 opponents in 39:47:51.

SWIMMING—At the 18th Balkan Championships in Sofia, Bulgaria, TAMARA COSTACHE of Romania established a world record of 25.31 in the women's 50-meter freestyle. That time was .03 of a second faster than the mark that she set in Bucharest last June.

TENNIS—KAREL NOVACEK of Czechoslovakia defeated Thierry Tulasne of France 6-1, 7-6 to win the D.C. Classic in Washington and collect the \$34,000 winner's check.

U.S. OLYMPIC FESTIVAL—In the highlight of the 10-day competition in 34 sports in Houston, JACKIE JOYNER broke her 26-day-old heptathlon world record by winning all seven events and scoring 7,161 points, 13 more than the mark she set at last month's Goodwill Games in Moscow (page 30). EVELYN ASHFORD won the women's 100 meters with a time of 11.09, but CARL LEWIS, fearful of aggravating an injury to his left knee, withdrew from the long jump competition at the last minute. In archery, VAL ROSAS upset two-time Olympic gold medalist Darrell Pace and seven-time national champion Rick McKinney to win the gold medal. Rosas had 324 points, four ahead of Pace and six more than McKinney. In diving, GREG LOUGANIS and MICHELE MITCHELL won golds in both the 10-meter platform and the 3-meter springboard events.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED: By USFL commissioner Harry Usher, the decision of the league's eight owners to suspend play, probably until 1987. The announcement came less than a week after a U.S. District Court jury in New York gave the league a token damage award of \$1, trebled to \$3 under antitrust law, when the jury found the National Football League liable for one antitrust violation (page 18).

CHARGED: By authorities in Prince Georges County, Md., COY BACON, 42, a former defensive end for the Rams, Chargers, Bengals and Redskins of the NFL and the Washington Redskins of the USFL, with possession of cocaine.

CONVICTED: In Orange (Calif.) County Superior Court, former major league pitcher JOHN (Blue Moon) ODOM, 41, on two counts of selling cocaine. Odom, who pitched from 1964 to 1976 for the Athletics, Indians, Braves and White Sox, faces a sentence of up to six years in prison.

MARRIED: Tennis star JOHN McENROE, 27, to actress Tatum O'Neal, 22, in Oyster Bay, N.Y. (page 12).

PLEADED GUILTY: In U.S. District Court in Charlottesville, Va., former University of Virginia tailback BARRY WORD, 22, to a charge of conspiring to distribute cocaine. Word, the 1985 Atlantic Coast Conference Player of the Year who was a third-round pick of the New Orleans Saints in the 1986 NFL draft, will be sentenced Oct. 6. He faces a possible 15 years in prison and a \$125,000 fine. In Henrico (Va.) County Circuit Court, MALCOLM BARNWELL, 28, a former wide receiver for the Raiders and the Redskins, to possession of cocaine. Barnwell, who will be sentenced Oct. 7, faces a possible 10 years in prison.

RESIGNED: GEORGE IRVINE, 38, as coach of the Indiana Pacers, to become the team's director of player personnel. In two seasons under Irvine, the Pacers were 48-116.

SENTENCED: By U.S. District Court judge Wesley Brown in Wichita, Kans., Kansas City Chiefs defensive end MIKE BELL, 29, to one year in prison on each of two counts, for using a telephone to facilitate the distribution of cocaine. Bell was also fined \$5,000. Bell's twin brother, MARK, a former tight end for the Seahawks and Colts, was sentenced to a year in jail and fined \$5,000 for one count of the same offense.

TRADED: By the Chicago White Sox, outfielder RON KITTLE, 28, infielder WAYNE TOLLESON, 30, and catcher JOEL SKINNER, 25, to the New York Yankees, for catcher RON HASSEY, 33, minor league infielder CARLOS MARTINEZ, 21, and a player to be named later.

DIED: BOB ROGGY, 30, who was ranked No. 1 in the world in the javelin in 1982, and first in the U.S. from 1978 through 1982; of injuries suffered after he fell from the back of a moving pickup truck; in Houston. Roggy had been in Houston to compete in the U.S. Olympic Festival and finished fifth in the javelin.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TOM REILLY
APPLETON, WIS.



TODD ULMEN
APPLETON, WIS.

Reilly, 21, and Ulmen, 19, beat Tom Biersteker and Russell Schantz 7-6, 6-4 to win the men's doubles title in the Appleton City Tennis Tournament. Reilly, a junior at Purdue and a member of the Boilermaker tennis team, won back-to-back Wisconsin private school singles titles at Xavier High in 1982 and '83. Ulmen, a teammate of Reilly's at Xavier, was the No. 1 singles player at the University of Wisconsin Center-Fox Valley in 1985. He plans to enter Wisconsin-Platteville this fall.



BARB BANGART
HILBERT, WIS.

Bangart, who will attend St. Norbert College in the fall, ended her career at Hilbert High by winning the 800 meters in 2:20.2, at the state Class C track meet in Madison. She also won the event in 1985. Hilbert is 14 miles southeast of Appleton.



BILL WEINER
APPLETON, WIS.

Weiner, 25, a guard for J.J.'s Lounge in the city Parks and Recreation basketball league, sank 71 straight free throws in a 17-game span over two seasons. Since 1980, Weiner has scored 30 or more points in 36 of his 104 games.



MARY HAMMEN
COMBINED LOCKS, WIS.

Hammen, who plays third base for the Oklahoma State women's softball team, was named to the National Softball Coaches Association All-America second team. Last season, as a junior, she led the Cowgirls in hits (38) and runs scored (19).



STEPHANIE SAMUEL
MAYWOOD, ILL.

Samuel, as a freshman on the women's track team at Lawrence University in Appleton, set school records in the 100 meters (13.3), shot put (37' 11") and long jump (17' 4 1/2"), and anchored the 400-meter relay, which set a school record (53.24).

Edited by GAY FLOOD

LEADOFF MEN

Sir:

Thank you for Peter Gammons's excellent article on the best leadoff men ever to pick up a bat: Rickey Henderson and Tim Lincecum (*Light Years Ahead Of The Field*, July 28). No one else in major league baseball has a greater balance of power and speed than these two exquisite athletes. They have been underrated for too long, especially Henderson, who has often been criticized for his arrogant style of play. With his brilliance, he should be allowed the luxury of showing off.

SEAN CARR
Oxon Hill, Md.

Sir:

In my opinion, Raines and Henderson are the best all-around players in the game today. They not only excel in the batter's box and on base but also when playing defense. I think the records will show that both men have won ball games for their teams by making great defensive plays.

JAMES COLLINS
Natrona Heights, Pa.

and I have never seen anyone hit a softball farther than Virkus has. During a tournament two years ago in White Plains, N.Y., Virkus, playing for the Garage Door from Rochester, hit eight home runs in 10 games. Only one player had ever hit a home run out of this particular park, but Virkus hit three. "Bam Bam" (that's Virkus's nickname) will be remembered in this area for a long time.

MICHAEL DISPENZA
Hawthorne, N.Y.

Sir:

Fimrite mentioned Steele's lopsided margins of victory. In all fairness to the teams that have beaten them, what kinds of margins has Steele's lost by?

JEFF SWANSON
Mountlake Terrace, Wash.

• On regulation softball fields, Steele's has lost twice to the Smythe Sox of Houston, 40-27 and 23-14, once to Shubin's of Los Angeles, 27-17, and once each to Great South of Atlanta, 23-21, and Coors of Detroit, 25-24. In games played on baseball diamonds without temporary softball fences,

does fast-pitch. Where is the challenge in hitting a ball that is lobbed compared with hitting a ball thrown with speed from 46 feet, as in fast-pitch? Just remember: Softball is for everyone, but fast-pitch is for athletes.

SCOTT WALL
Savannah, Mo.

Sir:

Shame on you for running a silly story on sissy-pitch softball in the same issue with a feature on Rickey Henderson, the Bronx Burner. Hitting a 12-inch softball over a cheap fence with a 38-ounce bat and a two-ton belly should be last on the list of America's sports.

RON OSBORN
Omaha

LIFE-STYLES

Sir:

With regard to Rick Telander's article on USFL quarterback Jim Kelly (*Life With Lord Jim*, July 21), I find it incredible and most disturbing to think that in depicting his considerable football abilities, albeit untested in the NFL, you felt it necessary to subject us to an account of his escapades to strip joints and with the ladies—as if being a football attraction entitles one to live with all the moral restraint of an alley cat. Some model! And what, pray tell, do pictures of his poolside pals and his bubble baths have to do with football?

Would to God there were more athletes like Bart Starr and Roger Staubach, who along with their superior leadership and ability on the field have exhibited moral and spiritual integrity off it. These and others like them are the stars whose lives are worth emulating and reading about.

(THE REVEREND) CALVIN RYCHENER
Grabill (Ind.) Evangelical
Mennonite Church

Sir:

I have just finished the piece on Jim Kelly, including these statements about a scene in Kelly's house: "When you enter a Kelly gathering you are absorbed into the family, and the bonding agent is beer. The steins wielded by Uncle Ed are gigantic, and he hands them out the way an usher distributes playbills."

I am a coach, and I do not allow my players to use drugs or alcohol at any time, so they will not wind up someday like Len Bias, Don Rogers or Pelle Lindbergh. It disturbs me when, one week, I read Rick Reilly's article on how to clear up the drug problem (*When The Cheers Turned To Tears*, July 14), and the next week, I read about the seemingly continuous flow of beer at Kelly's house. If you are serious about finding a solution to the drug and alcohol problem, let's see more arti-

continued



Leading man: Raines, shown here on the base paths against the Cubs, balances power and speed.

HARD HITTERS

Sir:

I have read Ron Fimrite's story on the Steele's Sports Co. softball team (*The Men Of Steele's*, July 28), and based on my experience with softball and Scott Virkus, I agree that this indeed may be softball's greatest team.

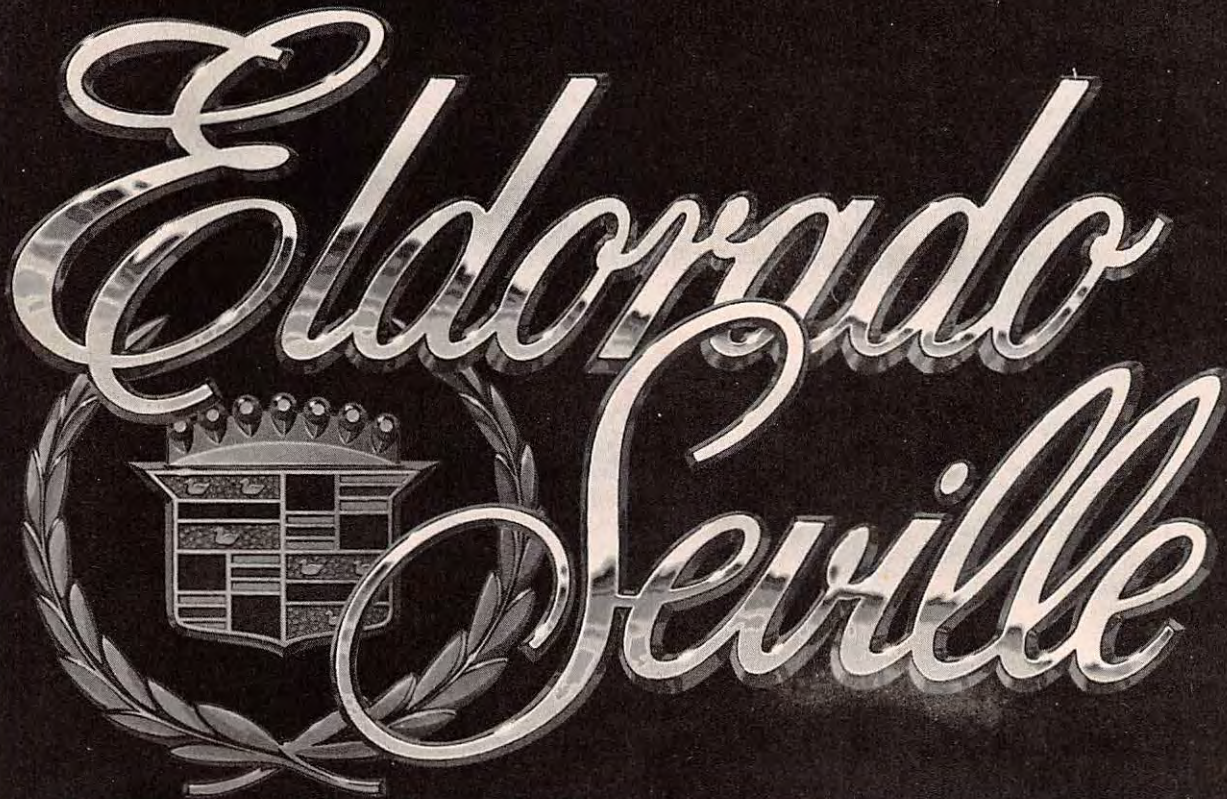
I have played the game for the past 15 years

Steele's has lost 12-9 to the South Florida All-Stars of Miami, 12-10 to Miller Medical of Waterloo, Iowa, and 12-11 to the Lite Athletic Club of Daytona Beach, Fla.—ED.

Sir:

If you are going to cover softball, why not cover it completely? It does not take nearly as much athletic ability to play slo-pitch as it

There's never been a better time
to buy these
top-of-the-line Cadillacs.



6.9% financing—Cadillac's lowest
GMAC rate ever on the most
advanced Eldorado and Seville ever.

If you haven't yet driven a 1986 Cadillac Eldorado or Seville, you don't know all about Cadillac's unique interpretation of the contemporary luxury car.

Completely redesigned for 1986, these top-of-the-line Cadillacs are sleek and sophisticated with refined road manners to match. A perfect combination of technology and luxury with the renowned comfort and convenience that make a Cadillac a Cadillac.

And if you haven't experienced them firsthand, there's never been a better time than right now—with 6.9% financing—the lowest GMAC rate in Cadillac history.*

Plus the significant savings of special incentives.

Right now, Cadillac is also offering Cadillac dealers special incentives for every Eldorado and Seville they sell, which means they can pass along impressive savings to you.

And don't forget, your participating Cadillac dealer has low GMAC financing on all Cadillac models.

You can get the lowest GMAC financing in Cadillac history on any new Cadillac. From the contemporary De Villes, including the Fleetwood, to the classic Brougham and the sporty, fun-to-drive Cimarron. And, of course, the completely redesigned Eldorado and Seville. See your Cadillac dealer now. Because it's time to stop thinking about a new Cadillac and time to start driving one.

*You must take actual retail delivery from dealer stock by September 24, 1986. Dealer financial participation may affect consumer cost. See your participating dealer for qualification details. Other rates are available and will be higher as length of contract increases.

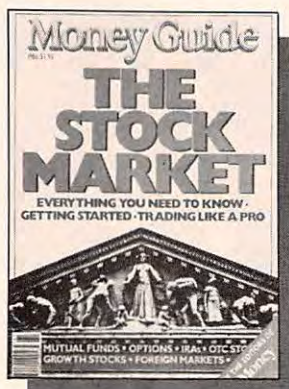


LET'S GET IT TOGETHER...BUCKLE UP

CADILLAC



How to invest and win on Wall Street



Introducing the New Guide from MONEY Magazine That Gives You Everything You Need to Know to Make Money in Today's Stock Market

From the editors of MONEY Magazine, America's financial advisor, this all-new Guide delivers the strategies and tactics you need to become a Wall Street "pro."

A sample from the Guide:

Strategies for Success

- When to Buy and Sell—here's a formula known for its simplicity and effectiveness
- Identifying Undervalued Stocks—and getting in before the crash
- Over The Counter Stocks—what every investor should know about this hot, active market

Smart Money Maneuvers

- Keep from getting burned—by putting your stock choices to the MONEY Acid Test
- Managing your own portfolio—plus 3 model portfolios you can learn from
- How to choose & use a broker—profitably
- And much more

With the *MONEY Guide to the Stock Market* at your side, Wall Street can take you to Easy Street. And getting there has never been easier. For your copy of the *MONEY Guide to the Stock Market*, send check or money order for \$3.95, payable to MONEY, to:

MONEY Guide to the Stock Market
Box 999, Dept. SC
Radio City Station
New York, NY 10101

Please allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery.

19TH HOLE *continued*

cles on cleaning up drugs and fewer, if any, stories on this kind of life-style.

ART CATTANO
Boys Basketball Coach
New Providence (N.J.) High School

CADDIES' VIEWS

Sir:

Gee, two pictures and two pages on the U.S. Women's Open (*Storms, Quakes, Fumes—And Golf*, July 21). As a part-time caddy for the women professionals, I have spent a few weeks watching these players practice and compete for meager winnings. I have great respect for their talents and fortitude, especially when I look at the difference between the money available to the men and that awarded to the women (as of mid-June, 50th place on the PGA money list was just about equal to 8th place on the LPGA list). I hope in the future you can give a little more space to some very deserving athletes.

JAY HILL
Indianapolis

Sir:

I believe something should be said on behalf of the American tour caddie. In Frank Deford's article on Tom Watson's duel with Jack Nicklaus in the 1977 British Open at Turnberry (*The Best Against The Best*, July 14), it was suggested that compared with Alfie Fyles, Watson's caddie at Turnberry, the American caddie is more like a pinsetter in a bowling alley. This is a bit much. The guys who work 40 weeks a year as full-time PGA tour caddies are, like Fyles, professional and proud to be part of the tour.

LINN STRICKLER
Clearwater, Fla.

TICKET SCALPING

Sir:

In your article on Super Bowl ticket scalping (*SCORECARD*, June 30) you wrongfully labeled my client Jack Catin as "reputedly having connections to organized crime" and as being a "federally protected witness." The article also wrongfully states that Catin sold Super Bowl tickets to David Adelman.

Catin has never been a government witness in anything. He is not a federally protected witness. To the contrary, he has been at war with the United States government for most of his adult life.

He was subpoenaed to testify before a federal grand jury investigating the possibility of ticket scalping. I was told by federal lawyers that he is not a target of that investigation. Immunity was ordered by the federal court before any questions were asked.

JAMES A. TWITTY
Attorney-at-Law
Beverly Hills, Calif.

● In an affidavit filed in U.S. District Court in Los Angeles in 1981, U.S. Secret Service agent Gerald D. Petievich cited law-enforcement agency files indicating that Jack Catin was "a major organized-crime figure." A U.S. Justice Department memo obtained by SI de-

scribes Catin as an "organized-crime figure." Sources have told SI that Catin was an agent in the sale of at least 1,000 Super Bowl tickets to David Adelman. Catin appeared under a grant of immunity before a federal grand jury in Los Angeles in May to testify regarding ticket scalping. SI has no information that Catin has ever been in the government's witness protection program.—ED.

NITPICKERS

Sir:

We find it ironic that copy chief Ed Clarke and his "nitpickers," featured in *LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER* (July 14), let ace writer Frank Deford begin his Wimbledon story with the incorrect use of the word *better*. As most British and American readers know, *better* is a comparison of two. The opening sentence should have read: "One of the *best* British words is useful." You remember—good, better, best.

Perhaps you will find this letter useful.

SARA AND JACK HARRIS
Naples, Fla.

Sir:

Clarke's nitpickers need to dig a little deeper. "Four dirigibles—blimps, as they're known . . ." (*SCORECARD*, July 14). Not so. They are two different things. Dirigibles have a rigid framework supporting an unpressurized skin and are usually very large. Examples: *Hindenburg*, *Graf Zeppelin*, *Akron et al.* Blimps have an unsupported skin and are limp when unpressurized, hence "blimp," from the English Type B—limp. Examples: *Goodyear*, *Fuji*.

GUS MICHEL
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Sir:

The week after you praised your copyreaders, the word *perfect* was misspelled *prefect* in the Jim Kelly article (*page 66*). Was this a tongue-in-cheek mistake, or are they just getting cocky?

MICHAEL S. DALY
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

● To The Harrises, Clarke replies: "Being one of SI's better—as well as best—writers, Deford knows better than to use *best* when comparing only two things. He was correctly comparing the group of 'better British words' with one other group of British words, i.e., the merely 'ordinary.'" To Michel: "According to the five English-language dictionaries in the SI copy room, a dirigible is simply an airship (which is an engine-driven, steerable lighter-than-air craft), and a blimp is a nonrigid airship. Clearly, then, a blimp is a form of dirigible." To Daly: "Well, nobody's prefect."—ED.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

You're in trouble.
You've been
in an accident.
You need a
lawyer.



Now with one call, American Express Cardmembers can get emergency legal and medical referrals, worldwide. Introducing Global Assist.SM

Along with the joys of "what to see" and "what to do" while traveling, sometimes there are the "what ifs." What if a minor accident leads to a major collision with the local authorities? What if your back goes out? What if you get into a legal fix?

The answer to the "what ifs" is Global Assist—a new emergency referral service for the exclusive use of American Express Cardmembers. One phone call. Toll-free. 24 hours a day. Every day. Virtually anywhere in the world.

One call helps find a lawyer, doctor, dentist, optician, chiropractor, nurse, pharmacist, or interpreter.

We'll tell you what visas and inoculations you need for your trip. Ship prescription medical supplies you forgot. Even send urgent messages to friends and relatives.

All this costs nothing, except for the legal and medical bills you'd normally expect to pay.

Of course, if you find yourself in a life-threatening situation you should seek immediate help on the scene before calling Global Assist.

Specific phoning information is being sent to Cardmembers now. Which leads us to the final "what if." What if you don't have the Card? Call 1-800-THE-CARD for an application.

Global Assist. One more reason to have the American Express® Card. Or, to get one.



Don't leave home without it.®

If you smoke

please try Carlton

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

Box and 100's Box Menthol: Less than 0.5 mg. "tar", 0.05 mg. nicotine; Soft Pack, Menthol and 100's Box: 1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine; 100's Soft Pack and 100's Menthol: 5 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine; 120's: 7 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '85. Slims: 6 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.